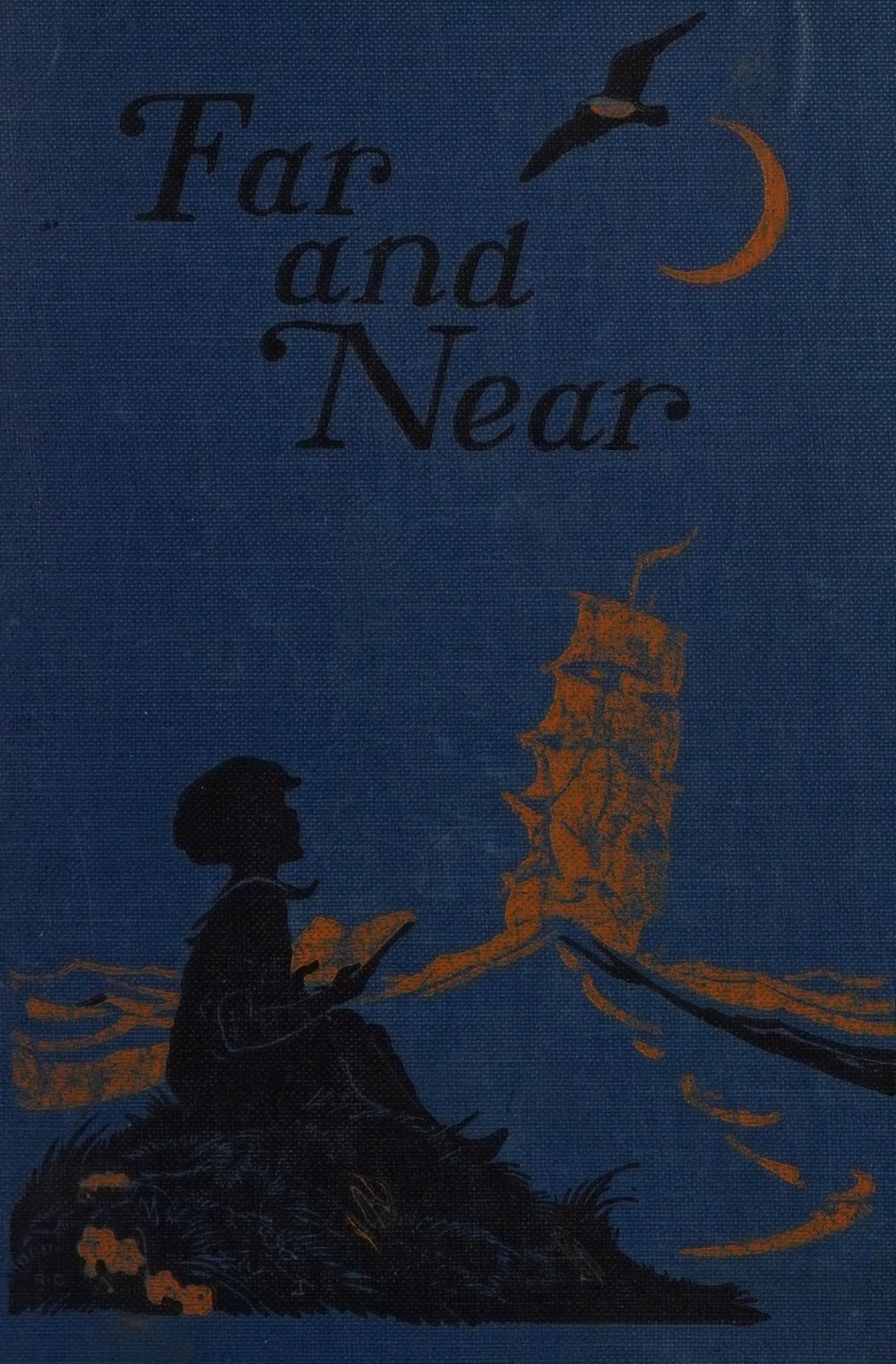
Far and Near



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STORY AND STUDY READERS

FAR AND NEAR

A FOURTH READER

BY

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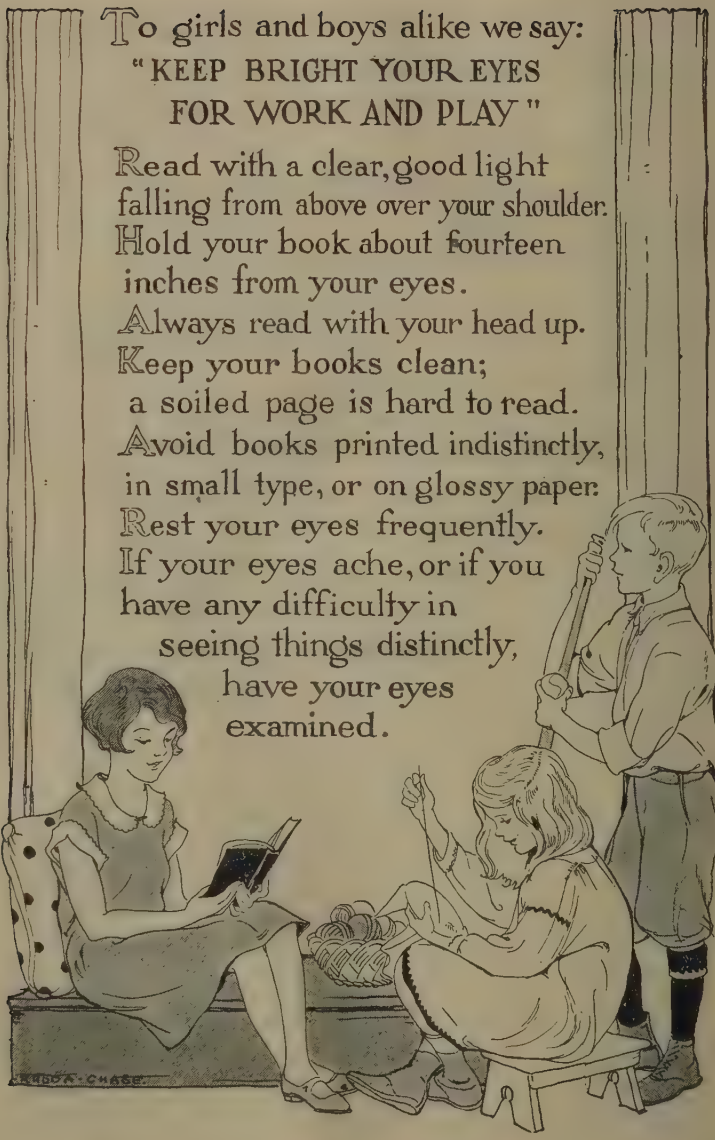
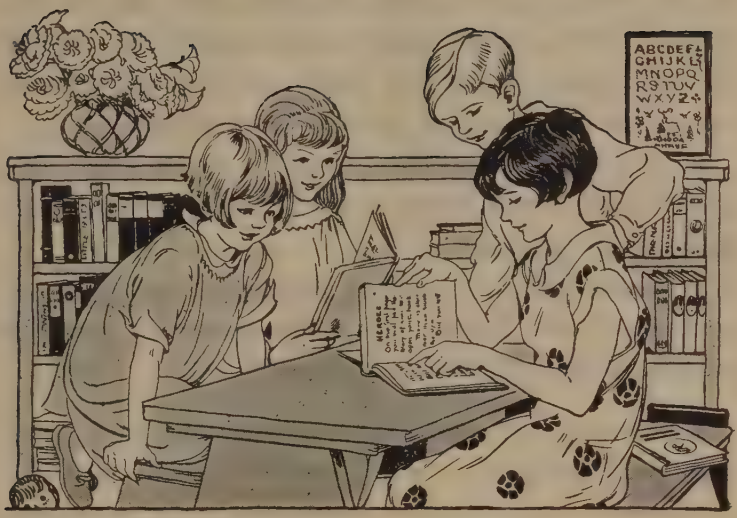
FAR AND NEAR


To girls and boys alike we say:
"KEEP BRIGHT YOUR EYES
FOR WORK AND PLAY"
Read with a clear, good light
falling from above over your shoulder.
Hold your book about fourteen
inches from your eyes.
Always read with your head up.
Keep your books clean;
a soiled page is hard to read.
Avoid books printed indistinctly,
in small type, or on glossy paper.
Rest your eyes frequently.
If your eyes ache, or if you
have any difficulty in
seeing things distinctly,
have your eyes
examined.



YOUR NEW BOOK

How to Open a Book

Sometimes the pages of a book which is almost new begin to fall out. This often happens because the binding was broken in opening the book. In order to be sure that you know how to open a book correctly, use an old one in following the directions given below.

1. Hold all the pages together and let the covers rest on the desk.

2. Holding the pages together with the left hand, use the right hand to place a few of the pages

at the back of the book so that they lie on the cover. Then press these pages down by firmly moving your forefinger back and forth several times where the pages are sewed together.

3. Now, holding the upright pages with the right hand, press down a few leaves at the front in a similar manner.

4. Continue in this way until you come to the middle of the book. This process will prevent your injuring the binding of your book.

Following the directions above, prepare your new book for use.

How to Care for a Book

One who uses his book in the right way will be able to answer each of the following questions with *No*. Be sure to think carefully and answer honestly.

1. Do I read a new book without first preparing it for use ?
2. Do I ever throw a book or purposely drop it ?
3. Do I write or mark in books ?
4. Do I wet my fingers to turn pages ?
5. Do I ever use a thick object, such as a pencil or a ruler, to mark the place ?

6. Do I turn down corners of pages ?

7. Do I place a book face downward ?

8. Do I put a book where it is likely to get wet or soiled ?

9. Do I use a book when my hands are wet or soiled ?

10. Do I mark or color the pictures in a book or mark the book in any way ?

Each question you answered with *No* scores 10. Did you make a perfect score?

At his master's forge

THE TWO COMPANIONS

I

Once there was an armorer skilled in the making of lances, swords, helmets, shields, and all things needed for the armor of brave knights. He had as apprentice a young lad to whom he was teaching the trade.

One day this lad made a lance at his master's forge. How to make a lance he knew full well, having been taught the pattern by his master half a hundred times. But as he worked that day he seemed to see before him a lance of different pattern from that which he had learned — one better and stronger and sharper than any ever forged before.

So plainly did this lance appear to him that he

laid down his hammer and reached out to grasp it. But his hands closed only on empty air. When he rubbed his eyes and looked again, behold, no lance was there! It had vanished.

"A plague upon my dreaming!" said he, returning to his task. But when he had finished his own lance it was more like his dream than the master's pattern. This vexed the armorer full sore.

"Have I taught you nothing that you should bring me such as this?" he cried. And he bade the lad thrust the lance into the fire and shape it again.

The lad was a good lad and did his master's bidding without a word. Yet no sooner did he set about his task anew than, clearer and fairer

This vexed the armorer full sore.

than before, the vision came. And when again his work was done, the lance he had made was more than ever like the one of which he dreamed, and less than ever like those which hung in the shop of the armorer.

"A plague on you for your carelessness!" cried the master. Then he bade the lad heat the iron once more, and quickly too, or he would feel a stick upon his back.

But though the fire had power to melt the iron, neither the master's anger nor the lad's desire to please him had power to change the vision. So when for a third time the lad had shaped the metal, lo! it was as if the dream lance itself lay upon the anvil before him. And, in his heart, the lad felt that he had made a stronger, sharper, better lance than any ever forged by the armorer.

But the master was of different opinion, and he bade the lad seek another trade. "Carelessness may be checked by a rod, but for lack of wit there is no cure; an armorer you can never be," said he.

Yet, because of the lad's faithful service, the master had good will toward him. So he desired to bestow upon him a parting gift.

"Here is a steel cap to guard your silly head from harm, or a knife with which to defend yourself against the wolves, or an ax which can be used in

war or peace. Come, take your choice," he said.

But the lad would have nothing but the lance which he had made, and with this he went out into the world.

As he went, two came to walk and talk with him. The names of these were Faint-Heart and Courage.

"All is lost!" cried Faint-Heart. "You have failed in what you care for most. If you cannot be an armorer, what is there left for you to be?"

"Nay, never be disheartened," said Courage. "What matters it if the master has cast you out? The lance is a good one, for all he says."

"Yes, but who will believe it?" cried Faint-Heart. "The armorer is armorer to the duke, and none will dispute his word."

"Prove the lance, and duke and armorer alike will praise you," said Courage.

The lad had listened first to one and then to the other, not knowing which to heed, but now he roused himself.

"I will prove it to them both, and to others, too!" he cried; and he walked on so briskly that Faint-Heart, who was ever slow of foot as well as of heart, was left behind. But this the lad did not know, so busy was he with plans of how and where and when to test the lance.

II

The lad had never seen the duke, who had been long in foreign lands; but there were many gallant knights at home, and, among these, surely true worth would find a friend, he thought.

As if in answer to his thought, he spied coming toward him a young knight clad in splendid armor from head to toe. His helmet shone like a great jewel in the sunlight; his coat of mail was woven of glittering links of steel; and his shield was like a mirror without blur or spot.

"Here, surely, is he whom I seek," said the lad to himself. And he lifted up the lance and besought the knight to look with favor on it.

"But it is shorter by a foot than any at the duke's court," cried the young knight. "I should be the laughing-stock of all if I came there with such a thing!" And he laughed as he galloped away.

"It will ever be the same," said Faint-Heart, creeping up to join the lad as he stood watching the gay knight's departure. "Of what use is it to make better lances when all are pleased with lances as they are? You will have nothing but laughter for your pains."

"A laugh never yet made a lance or broke one," said Courage. "And youth, it was ever said, is

thoughtless. Yonder rides a knight of years and without doubt wisdom. It is to such as he that you must go."

The lad took counsel of Courage and awaited the coming of the second knight.

The older knight had no splendid armor of which to boast. None the less he bore himself with so much pride and dignity that the armorer's lad took off his cap and bent his knee before him.

"Good sir," said he, "here is a lance the like of which I claim was never forged before. It is shorter than all others, but for that very reason is less cumbersome. It is slenderer than the one you bear, but stronger, I will warrant you; and though its handle has a different turn, it is the easier to grasp and hold."

But the older knight would not even look at it.

"The lance my father and my father's father bore is good enough for me," said he. And he, too, passed on his way, leaving the lad staring sadly after him.

"None will hear you!" cried Faint-Heart. "Go hire yourself as a kitchen lad, for sooner or later you must come to that."

And the lad would have gone had not Courage hindered him.

"Coward!" said he; and at the word the lad

sprang forward as if a master's stick had struck him.

There were no more knights upon the road, but, as the lad with his two companions journeyed on, he came to a man with a grave and thoughtful face, riding upon a fine horse. And the man, seeing the lance in the lad's hand, inquired at once where he had got it and who the maker was.

His manner was one of authority. Whether because of this or because of his kindly smile, he soon had the whole story from the lad. What he thought of it he did not say; but he bade his servant, who galloped up just then, take the lad behind him on his horse to the duke's castle.

"For," said he, "the duke, who has come but now from his travels, has brought with him a marvelous shield, which it is said no lance can pierce. Wishing to put this to the test, and likewise to make sport for his court, he has set up the shield in his courtyard. Tomorrow morn the knights will try their skill with it. This much I will promise you in the duke's name: if you go thither, your lance shall have trial also."

The lad was pleased to do this. But, even as his foot was in the stirrup, Faint-Heart took hold upon him, crying, "It is vain to make the test. It will but disgrace you more!"

So true did these words seem that the lad hung back till Courage prodded him and called, "No trial, no proof. Up and away!"

III

It was nightfall when the duke's castle was reached, but the lad had good lodging with the man's servant. The next morning this same servant took him before the duke.

And behold, the duke was no other than the man who had befriended him!

"That which the traveler promised, I will do," the duke said. Then he bade the lad stand by until such time when he should beckon him, for already the knights were gathering for the sport.

The shield which the duke had brought across the sea was made of proven steel and by a master hand. The lad's heart beat hard and fast, as one by one the knights tried to pierce it.

The first to try was the young knight of the mirror shield. As gayly as a bird flies from a green bough in the spring, he spurred his steed across the field and hurled his lance against the shield. But, for all his youth and all his confidence, the shield withstood his thrust, and he was forced to return to his place with downcast hopes and a bent lance.

The first to try was the young knight of the mirror shield. ~

Many another tried and failed, and at last it was the turn of the second knight whom the lad had met upon the road. He rushed upon the shield with the force of a great rock falling from a mountain side. But the lance that his father and his father's father had borne splintered in the shock, for in truth it was somewhat rusted.

Then the cry went up to grant the victory to the shield; but this the duke would not allow.

"I will myself try to pierce this marvelous shield," he cried; and, beckoning the lad, he took the lance from him.

The lad could scarcely believe his ears or eyes. As he stood almost breathless to watch the duke

ride forth, who should come close to him but Faint-Heart and gallant Courage.

"The lance will break!" cried the one.

"If it does, you will yet make a better one," the other said.

But even as Courage spoke, there rose a shout, "The duke! the duke! The shield is pierced!"

Lo, the lance had driven through the shield! And it was not broken; neither was it bent.

"It is a good lance, although I cast it out," cried the duke's armorer, who had come with the rest to watch the sport. Then he looked with pride upon the lad, for, after all, had he not taught him much?

"Yes, it is a good lance," said the duke. And he bade the armorer take the lad with him, that the two together might make new lances for the knights both young and old.

It is said that Courage went with the lad, and abode with him all the days of his life. But of Faint-Heart my tale tells no more.

— Maud Lindsay, *Adapted*

When you have finished reading a story, you should try to decide what the author's purpose was in writing it; for example, whether he wished to amuse, to inform, to teach a lesson, or to tell of

an adventure. What was the author's purpose in writing "The Two Companions"?

There are a number of interesting scenes in this story. Try to find out which scene your classmates like best. One way to do this is to read a scene to them and ask what they like best in it. Choose one of the scenes listed below:

In the armorer's workshop
On the road
  The coming of Faint-Heart and Courage
  The meeting with the young knight
  The meeting with the older knight
  The meeting with the thoughtful man
In the duke's courtyard
  The failure of many knights
  The piercing of the shield

Perhaps you would like to dramatize this story. You have already read the scenes and have a name for each. Now reread the story silently and be prepared to help decide on the number of characters required for the various scenes, and which pupil is to take the part of each character. The pupils selected will plan and give the play before another group. Before doing this, the players should rehearse the play with their classmates as an audience and get suggestions for improvement.

SOME ONE

Some one came knocking
At my wee, small door;
Some one came knocking,
I'm sure — sure — sure;

I listened, I opened,
I looked to left and right,
But nought there was a-stirring
In the still dark night;

Only the busy beetle
Tap — tapping in the wall,
Only from the forest
The screech-owl's call,

Only the cricket whistling
While the dewdrops fall,
So I know not who came knocking,
At all, at all, at all.

— WALTER DE LA MARE

THE HOLLOW TREE PEOPLE

Once upon a time in the far depths of the Big Deep Woods there was a big hollow tree, with three big hollow branches. In one of these there lived a Coon, in another a 'Possum, and in the third a big black Crow. The hollow tree below was rather dark, so the three used it for a parlor. They met there only now and then to dust off their things or when company came.

The Crow and the Coon and the 'Possum were all very fond of good living and mostly of the same things. They were good friends, too. They often made plans to catch young chickens and other game, and they carried the plans out together. Between trips they would sit in their doors and pass the time of day across to each other, just like folks.

One winter, about two weeks after New Year's, it began to snow in the woods where the hollow tree was, and it snowed, and it snowed, and it snowed. This was long before sleds or skates, when big snows always came up over people's windows and snowed them in. And that is what happened to the Crow and the Coon and the 'Possum. They were snowed in!

They rather liked it at first, for they had a good

deal left over from the New Year's dinner. They would get together downstairs in the parlor and spread lunch and pitch the bones under the table and talk and tell stories and wonder how long the snow would last.

But they never counted on its lasting half so long as it did. Every day they would look out of an upstairs window that they had, to see if the storm was over. And every day it was just the same; there was no sign of its clearing up. Then they began to get scared, for their cupboards were nearly empty, and there was no chance to catch any more game. At last every scrap was gone, and there wasn't a thing to eat in the house.

The 'Possum went to bed and pulled up the covers and tried to sleep, so that he could forget it. The Coon sat in a rocking chair and rocked on purpose to think about it, for he was a great one to plan, and he thought maybe he could work it out some way. The Crow didn't do either, but walked about his house, picking up first one thing and then another, as people do sometimes when they don't do anything else.

But the Crow was luckier than most people who do that, for by and by he picked up a big paper sack with something in it. Then he untied it and looked into it a long while, thinking. It was

more than half full of corn meal, and pretty soon he remembered that he had carried it off once when he was passing Mr. Man's pantry window. He did this not because he wanted it, but because he was a crow, and crows carry off anything that isn't too big, whether they want it or not. He hunted around some more and found another sack, with flour in it. He had picked this bag up once in the same way. Then he found some little bags of pepper and salt and a lump of butter.

The Crow didn't say anything, but he slipped downstairs and gathered up some of the chicken bones from under the table. He got some pieces of bark and sticks and brought them up to his own part of the house and shut the door. Then he kindled a little fire in the stove with the sticks and opened his outside door a crack, and got a skillet full of snow and put it on the fire. When the snow melted, he dropped in the chicken bones and let them stew; then he put in a little of the flour and some pepper and salt and stirred it. Soon he had nice thick gravy.

By and by the 'Possum and the Coon smelled the cooking and thought the odor came from a farmhouse. The 'Possum turned over twice and thought of everything he had ever heard of to make people go to sleep, and the Coon rocked harder and harder.

Then Mr. Crow poured the gravy into a bowl and set it back on the stove to keep warm while he stirred up some of the corn meal in melted snow, with a little pinch of salt and a little piece of the butter. When it was all stirred well, he put it into the skillet and patted it down. When it was baked a rich brown on both sides, it was as good a johnnycake as you ever tasted.

Mr. Crow laughed to himself a minute; then he slipped downstairs again and set the table. He put the bowl of gravy in the center and cut the johnnycake in three pieces. Then he called out as loud as he could:

"Come to dinner!"

The 'Possum jumped straight up in bed and then lay down again quick, for he thought the Crow was playing a joke on him. The Coon jumped, too, and then went to rocking again, for he thought the same thing. So Mr. Crow opened the 'Possum's door quick and the Coon's door quick, and let the smell of the nice chicken gravy go right up into their rooms. Then he laughed out loud and called again:

"Come to dinner while it's hot!"

Down the two came, for they couldn't resist that smell. But, when they saw the johnnycake, they thought it was a joke again. They had never

~It was as good a johnnycake as you ever tasted.

seen one before and didn't know what a johnnycake looks like.

"Dip in and try it," said the Crow, and he broke off a piece of his cake and dipped it in the bowl of gravy and began to eat. Then the 'Possum broke off a piece of his johnnycake and dipped it in the gravy and began to eat. And the Coon broke off a piece of his johnnycake and dipped it in the gravy and began to eat, too. Then the Crow dipped again, and the 'Possum dipped again, and the Coon dipped again.

"It's good," said the 'Possum.

"Yes, it's good," said the Coon. "Where did you get it?"

But the Crow did not tell them. And so they

dipped and ate, and dipped and ate, until they dipped and ate it all up.

"Drop in again tomorrow," said the Crow when they were leaving.

So the next day they came again, and the next day they came again, and every day after that they came, until the storm was over and the snow was almost gone. But Mr. Crow never did tell them the secret of it until once when he wanted to ask a great favor of Mr. Coon and Mr. 'Possum, but that is another story.

— Albert Bigelow Paine

What was the author's purpose in writing this story?

This will be a good story to tell in assembly or to another grade.

THE FIRST FIRE

A long time ago, there were no people in the world like the people who live here now. There were only the giant Thunder and his sons, Ice and Flint. But there were animals. They talked and acted just as people do now.

At first there was no fire in the country where the animals lived. Giant Thunder had all the fire, and he would not give any to the animals.

Winter came on, and it was so cold that the animals held a council to decide how they could get fire. All the four-footed animals, and the birds, and the snakes came to the council. The bear, who was chief, had charge of the meeting.

After much talk, the crow stood up and said, "I know where Thunder has hidden some of his fire. It is in a hollow tree on an island in the swamp. I know it is there, because I saw the smoke when I was flying over the island a few days ago. I will go to the tree and bring you some fire."

He flew away, and the others waited at the council house. The crow flew straight to the hollow tree in the swamp. He perched on a limb of the tree to rest, but the thick smoke blackened his feathers and nearly choked him. He was so

frightened that he flew back to the council house without the fire.

Then the screech owl said he would go, and off he flew. He soon found the tree and looked down into the hole where the fire was. The flame came up into the owl's face, and he was nearly blinded. He could hardly see how to fly back to the council.

As no other birds would go for the fire, the snake said he would try to get it. He glided over the ground, and he swam through the water. He crawled up the trunk of the tree and looked down into the hole. But he stretched himself out too far, and all at once he fell into the fire. Before he could get out, his skin was burned black. He, too, went back to the council without the fire.

Now it was the turn of the four-footed animals. But when they looked at the crow's black feathers, the screech owl's red eyes, and the snake's black skin, they were afraid to go for the fire.

At last the little rabbit said, "I will go. I cannot fly through the air or swim through the water. Still, I am willing to try to get the fire we need." And off he ran toward the swamp. As he was running along, his foot slipped, and he bumped his head against a pine tree. Some resin stuck to his head, but he was running so fast that he did not notice it.

At the edge of the swamp, he stopped and looked about to find a way of getting to the island. Among some logs lying in the water, he saw the alligator. The other animals had sent the alligator word to come to the council. But the fish who was to take the message did not himself fear the cold and had forgotten all about the matter.

The rabbit told the alligator he had come to get some fire from the hollow tree on the island but that he could not swim.

"Jump on my back, and I will take you there," said the alligator.

The rabbit did as he was told, and the alligator swam to the island. Jumping on the shore, the rabbit ran through the woods until he came to the hollow tree.

Through a hole near the bottom of the tree, he saw the glow of the fire. As he was peeping through the hole, a spark flew out and fell upon the resin on his head, setting it on fire.

The rabbit ran to the shore and jumped on the alligator's back. The alligator swam to land as fast as he could, but the heat from the burning resin scorched his back and made it rough and hard.

The rabbit ran very swiftly to the council house. The little ball of resin on his head was still on fire,

The alligator swam to land -

and he feared it would burn him; so he put his head in a pile of leaves to rub off the burning resin. The leaves caught fire, but the resin on his head still burned. Then the rabbit tried to rub it off with sticks, but the sticks caught fire and he threw them down. At last he scraped off the resin with a piece of stone. He had not been hurt, for his fur had kept the fire from burning him.

The animals piled wood on the blazing sticks that the rabbit had thrown down, and soon there was a big hot fire. There is plenty of fire in the world now, but the animals still remember their first fright and are very careful not to go too close to a blaze.

— Caroline M. Brevard

Do you remember "The First Fire" well enough to tell it to someone at home? When you want to remember a story to tell, think through the main events. If you forget any of these, refer to the story. Here are the main events in "The First Fire":

1. Giant Thunder had all the fire and would not give any to the animals.
2. The animals held a council to decide how to get fire.
3. The crow tried first and failed.
4. The screech owl tried next and failed.
5. Then the snake tried and failed.
6. The rabbit, with the alligator's help, brought fire to the animals.

HOW BIRDS TRAVEL

Most of our birds take two long journeys every year: one in the fall to the south, and the other in the spring back to the north. These journeys are called migrations.

The birds do not go all at once, but in many cases those of a kind that live near each other collect in a flock and travel together. Each species, or kind, has its own time to go.

It might be thought that it is because of the cold that so many birds move to a warmer climate. But it is not so; they are very well dressed to endure cold. Their feather suits are so warm that some of our smallest and weakest birds, like the chickadee and the golden-crowned kinglet, are able to stay with us. Because many birds cannot get enough food and sunshine in winter, they have to fly to the south.

The fall travel begins soon after the first of July. The bobolink is one of the first to leave us, though he does not start at once on his long journey. By that time his little folk are full grown and can take care of themselves, and he is getting on his winter suit, or molting.

Then some morning all the bobolinks in the country are turned out of their homes in the

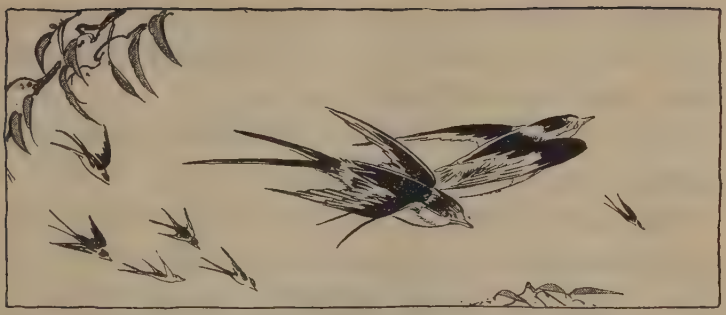
meadows by men and horses and mowing machines, for at that time the long grass is ready to cut.

Then the bobolink begins to think about the wild rice that is getting just right to eat. Besides he likes to take his long journey to South America in an easy way, stopping here and there as he goes. So some morning we miss his cheerful call, and, if we go to the meadow, we shall not be able to see a single bobolink.

There, too, are the swallows, that eat only small flying insects. As the weather grows cooler, these tiny flies are no longer to be found. So the swallows begin to flock, as it is called. For a few days they will be seen on fences and telegraph wires, chattering and making a great noise, and then some morning they will all be gone. They spend a short time in marshes and lonely places before they at last set out for the south.

As the days grow shorter and cooler, the warblers go. These are the bright-colored little fellows, that live mostly in the tops of trees. Then the orioles and the thrushes and the cuckoos leave us, and most birds that live on insects.

By the time November comes in few of them will be left. Birds that can live on seeds and winter berries, such as cedar berries and partridge



There, too, are the swallows ~ ~

berries and others, often stay with us — bluebirds, finches, and sometimes robins.

Many birds take their journey by night. Think of it! Tiny creatures, that all summer go to bed at dark, start off some night, when it seems as if they ought to be asleep, and fly in the dark.

When it grows light, they stop in some place where they can feed and rest. And the next night, or two or three nights later, they go on again. So they do until they reach their winter home, hundreds or thousands of miles away.

These night flyers are the timid birds, and those that live in the woods and do not like to be seen — thrushes, wrens, vireos, and others. Birds with strong wings, that are used to flying hours every day, and bolder birds, that do not mind being seen, take their journey by daylight.

Most of them stop now and then, a day or two at a time, to feed and rest. They fly very high and faster than our railroad trains can go.

In the spring the birds take their second long journey, back to their last year's home.

How they know their way on these journeys men have been for many years trying to find out. They have found that birds travel on regular roads, or routes, that follow the rivers and the shore of the ocean. They can see much better than we can, and even in the night they can see water.

One such road, or highway, is over the harbor of New York. When the Statue of Liberty was set up on an island in the harbor a few years ago, it was put in the birds' path.

Usually, they fly too high to mind it; but when there is a rain or fog they come much lower, and, sad to say, many of them fly against it and are killed.

We often see strange birds in our city streets and parks while they are passing through on their migration, for they sometimes spend several days with us.

— Olive Thorne Miller

Down the left-hand margin of a sheet of paper write the numbers from 1 through 6. Choose the right ending for each of the six incomplete state-

ments given below and write each ending opposite the proper number.

1. Each year most of our birds take
   - one long journey
   - two long journeys
   - three long journeys
2. Birds go to a warmer climate because
   - their feathers do not keep them warm
   - they like to fly
   - they cannot get food in winter
3. Soon after July the first
   - the robin leaves us
   - the bobolink leaves us
   - the bluebird leaves us
4. Most birds that live on insects leave us by
   - September
   - October
   - November
5. Birds take their second long journey
   - in the fall
   - in the spring
   - in the winter
6. Birds
   - have regular routes of travel
   - do not have regular routes of travel
   - cannot find their old routes

FINDING THE MAIN THOUGHT IN A PARAGRAPH

A paragraph usually tells about one thing or gives a main thought. Read the paragraph below and find the main thought.

Not only do the ants have soldiers and slaves, but they also have guests in their large underground houses. There are certain small crickets which they invite into their tunnels. They feed the crickets, wait upon them, and give them the best they have. They also sometimes invite small beetles to come and live with them. These guests they treat with great kindness.

— Clarence Hawkes, *Adapted*

Write the sentence which best gives the main thought of the paragraph above:

Ants have soldiers.
Ants have slaves.
Ants have guests.

Now read the following paragraph and find the main thought.

The Chinese learned to make paper by watching the wasp build her nest. The big round nest of

the wasp is really made of crisp brown paper. A Chinese man, watching a wasp one day, discovered that she took a bite of wood, chewed it into a paste, and smeared it on her nest. When the paste became dry, it turned into something like our paper. In this way the wasp taught the Chinese how to make paper.

Tell which of the following sentences gives the main thought of the paragraph above:

The wasp was building her nest.
The wasp taught the Chinese to make paper.
The wasp took a bite of wood.
The wasp chewed the wood into a paste.

Find the main thought of this paragraph.

Many animals have protective coloring, that is, they have coats of the same general coloring as their natural surroundings. This helps to conceal them from their enemies. It is not easy to see green parrots in the ever green tropical forests, or green tree toads and tree snakes among the leaves of trees, or green caterpillars lying stretched out on a blade of grass. Almost all the lizards, birds, and other small animals that live in sandy deserts are colored with some mingled shades of gray and sand. Birds that live on the sea, as the

sea gulls, are colored very much like the water upon which they rest. In the lands that are snow covered all the time, many foxes and hares are pure white instead of brown, red, or gray like their relatives in the warmer regions. The cases mentioned are only a few examples of the protective coloring which is very common among animals.

A word, a group of words, or a sentence which tells what a paragraph is about is called a paragraph heading. Tell which of the following paragraph headings is the best for the paragraph you have just read:

Green parrots
Protective coloring
White foxes
Sand-colored desert animals

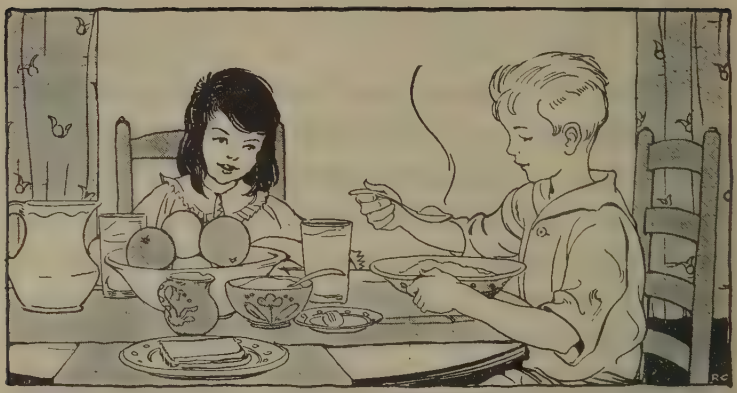
If children wish to grow to be strong men and women, and if they wish to enjoy play and work, they must eat the right kinds of food and at regular times. Some children eat pickles, and pickles are not good for children. Other children eat candy, popcorn, peanuts, cakes, and all kinds of things between meals. This is not a good practice.

Some children like to eat only soft foods, which do not exercise the teeth. Do you know why the Indians had such good teeth? They ate hard raw foods, and these exercised the teeth.

Every person should eat plenty of pure, wholesome, clean food. Every child should avoid the use of foods that are harmful and likely to be injurious.

The best food and the most natural food for most children is milk. Some children drink tea and coffee instead of milk. But tea and coffee are not food, and they are injurious to children. Milk supplies infants with the only food they have. Milk, therefore, is an excellent food. For this reason all children should have a quart of it each day — that is, if it agrees with them.

Water is not food, but it is necessary to health;



···· Eat a warm breakfast —

and each child should drink about four glasses every day in addition to the milk. One glass of water should be taken upon rising in the morning and the other three between meals.

Some uncooked foods, such as lettuce, tomatoes, celery, fruits, and nuts, should be eaten to supply the needs of the body. Raw foods, however, may have germs on them, and they should be carefully washed before they are eaten.

Below are some of the rules about food and drink which are now considered good rules. But every year people are learning more and more about things one should eat. Ask your mother and your doctor if these rules are the best ones for you to follow.

1. Drink from a pint to a quart of milk every day — if it agrees with you.

2. Eat bread and butter at every meal.

3. Eat some fruit every day (fresh, dried, or preserved).

4. Eat some green, leafy vegetable such as spinach, lettuce, and kale every day.

5. Eat some starchy vegetable such as potatoes and beans every day.

6. Eat a cooked cereal for breakfast often.

7. As a rule, eat meat but once daily.

8. Eat candies, cakes, and other sweets only as dessert.

9. Eat a warm breakfast every morning.

10. Have soup or other warm food for lunch.

11. Eat meals every day at the regular hour and in regular amounts.

12. If you are hungry between meals, eat bread and butter, but not within two hours of another meal.

13. Eat slowly.

14. Chew all foods thoroughly.

15. Engage in pleasant conversation with the family.

16. Drink about four glasses of water every day.

17. Do not drink from a cup that anyone else has used.

18. Do not drink cold water while overheated from play or work.

19. Do not drink tea or coffee.

— E. George Payne

What Dick Ate One Day

Here is the food eaten by a boy of nine in one day:

Breakfast	*Lunch*	*Dinner*
Orange	Brown bread	Butter
Oatmeal	Butter	Brown bread
Sugar	Potatoes	Soup
Cream	Spinach	Fish
Toast	Cookie	Lettuce
Butter	Apple sauce	Carrots
Milk	Cocoa	Milk
	Sugar	Ice cream

Show which rules Dick followed in his choice of food. You may use this plan:

Food	*Rule*
Orange	3

WHAT DO THESE WORDS MEAN?

The following words are taken from selections you have read in this book.

heed	dispute	counsel
defend	beckoned	besought
bestow	briskly	vanished
distinctly	frequently	migrations
johnnycake		disheartened

In reading each sentence below, use one of the words above instead of the word in italics.

Nay, never be *discouraged*.
The armorer desired to *give* a present.
The duke *motioned* to the lad.
The lad *begged* the knight to try the lance.
The lad took the *advice* of Courage.
There was none to *contradict* his word.
The vision *disappeared*.
The lad did not know which voice to *obey*.
The boy walked on *quickly*.
Here is a knife to *protect* you against wolves.
Mr. Crow made some *corn bread*.
Be sure you can see *clearly*.
Rest your eyes *often*.
Most birds make two long *journeys* a year.

DAYS

Every sort of day together,
Makes a year of every weather,
Rainy days and clear days, warm days and cool,
Holidays, vacation days and days to go to school,
Winter days and summer days and days of spring and fall,
To make the calendar, my dear, we have to take them all;
Here's a pretty day for trying, here's a rainy day for working,
But I cannot find a single day in all the year for shirking.
There are days when we are very glad,
And days when we are still and sad;
But on all days, I find it good
To do to others as I would
Be done by — that's the way
To keep each passing day
And so spend happy times together
In sunny or in windy weather.

— ANNETTE WYNNE

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THE BEST GAME THE FAIRIES PLAY

The best game the fairies play,
  The best game of all,
Is sliding down steeples,
  (You know they're very tall).
You fly to the weathercock,
  And when you hear it crow
You fold your wings and clutch your things
  And then let go!

They have a million other games —
  Cloud-catching's one,
And mud-mixing after rain
  Is heaps and heaps of fun;
But when you go and stay with them
  Never mind the rest,
Take my advice — they're very nice,
  But steeple-sliding's best!

—Rose Fyleman

THE BROWNIE OF FERNE-DEN

There have been many brownies known in Scotland, and many stories have been written about them. But about none of them has a prettier story been told than that which I am going to tell you about the Brownie of Ferne-Den.

Now, Ferne-Den was a farmhouse, which got its name from the glen, or "den," on the edge of which it stood. Through this glen anyone who wished to reach the dwelling had to pass.

The glen was believed to be the home of a brownie who never appeared to anyone in the daytime. It was said that he was sometimes seen at night, stealing about from tree to tree. However, he seemed to be trying to keep from being seen and never, by any chance, did he harm anybody.

Indeed, like all brownies that are properly treated and let alone, so far was he from harming anybody that he was always on the lookout to do a good turn to those who needed his aid. The brownie would always help whenever there was any work to be finished in a hurry. Sometimes there were turnips to cut or clothes to wash, or there was grain to thresh, cream to churn, or a garden

to weed. All that the farmer and his wife had to do when they went to bed was to leave the door of the barn, or the turnip shed, or the milk house open and put a bowl of new milk on the doorstep for the brownie's supper. When they woke the next morning, the bowl would be empty and the job finished better than if it had been done by the farm people.

This should have proved to all how gentle and kindly the creature was, but it did not. Everyone about the place was afraid of him. When coming home from church or market, these silly people would rather go a couple of miles around in the dark than pass through the glen and run the risk of catching a glimpse of the queer little fellow.

I said they were all afraid of him, but that was not true. The farmer's wife was so good and gentle that she was not afraid of anything on earth. When the brownie's supper had to be left outside, she always filled his bowl with the richest milk and added a good spoonful of cream to it. She said, "He works hard for us and asks no wages. He well deserves the very best meal that we can give him."

One night this gentle lady was taken ill. Of

course, her husband was greatly alarmed, and so were her servants. She had been such a good mistress to them that they loved her as if she had been their mother. But they were all young, and none of them knew very much about illness. Everyone agreed that it would be better to send for a skilful nurse who lived about seven miles on the other side of the river.

The farmer himself would have gone only too willingly, but he did not wish to leave his wife. So he went to the kitchen where the servants stood in groups, and said that someone must go for the nurse at once.

When the farmer returned to his wife, the question arose: Who was to go? It was black midnight, and the way to the old woman's house lay straight through the glen. Whoever traveled that road ran the risk of meeting the dreaded brownie. The servants urged each other to go, but all were so much afraid of the brownie that no one went.

Little did they think that the cause of all their terror was near. Behind the kitchen door stood a queer, wee, ugly man. He had a long beard, red-rimmed eyes, broad flat feet, and extremely long arms that touched the ground even when he

stood upright. He was within a yard or two of the servants, behind the kitchen door, listening to their talk with a solemn face.

He had come up, as usual, from his hiding place in the glen to see if there were any work for him to do and to look for his bowl of milk. He had seen from the open door and lighted windows that something was wrong inside the farmhouse. At that hour it was usually dark, and still, and silent. He had crept in to try to find out what the trouble was.

When the brownie gathered from the servants' talk that the mistress, whom he loved so dearly and who had been so kind to him, was ill, his heart sank within him. And when he heard that the silly servants were so taken up with their own fears that they dared not set out to fetch a nurse for her, his anger knew no bounds.

"Fools, idiots, dolts!" he muttered to himself, stamping his queer feet on the floor. "They speak as if a body were ready to take a bite out of them as soon as ever he met them. If they only knew the bother it gives me to keep out of their way, they would not be so silly. If they go on like this, the good lady will die. It strikes me that Brownie must go himself."

So saying, he took down the farmer's dark cloak, which was hanging on a peg on the wall. Throwing it over his head and shoulders, so that it somewhat hid his ugly body, he hurried away to the stable. Then he saddled and bridled the fleetest-footed horse that stood there.

When the last buckle was fastened, he led the horse to the door, and climbed up on its back. "If ever you traveled fast, travel fast now," he said.

And it was as if the creature understood him, for it gave a little whinny and pricked up its ears. Then it darted out into the darkness like an arrow from the bow. In less time than the distance had ever before been ridden, the brownie drew rein at the old woman's cottage. She was fast asleep, but he rapped sharply on the window and woke her. She rose, put her old face framed in its white cap close to the pane, and asked who was there. The brownie bent forward and told her what his errand was.

"You must come with me, goodwife, and that quickly," he commanded, in his deep, harsh voice, "if the lady of Ferne-Den's life is to be saved. There is no one to nurse her at the farm, save a lot of empty-headed servants."

"But how am I to get there? Have they sent a cart for me?" asked the old woman anxiously. As far as she could see, there was nothing at the door save a horse and its rider.

"No, they have sent no cart," replied the brownie shortly. "So you must just climb up behind me on the saddle and hang on tight to my waist. I'll promise to land you at Ferne-Den safe and sound."

His voice was so masterful that the old woman dared not refuse to do as she was bid, so she made haste to dress herself. When she was ready, she unlocked her door. Soon she was seated behind the stranger, with her arms clasped tightly around him.

Not a word was spoken until they were near the dreaded glen. Then the old woman felt her courage leaving her. "Do you think there will be any chance of meeting the brownie?" she asked timidly. "I do not care to run the risk, for folk say he is an ugly creature."

Her companion gave a curious laugh. "Keep up your heart, and do not talk silly," he said. "I promise that you will see nothing uglier this night than the man whom you ride behind."

"Oh, then, I am fine and safe," replied the old

Soon she was seated behind the stranger ~

woman. "Although I have not seen your face, I am sure that you are a true man by the care you have taken of a poor old woman."

She became silent again till the glen was passed and the good horse had turned into the farmyard. Then the horseman slid to the ground and, turning around, lifted her carefully down in his long strong arms. As he did so, the cloak slipped off him, revealing his short, broad body and his ugly limbs.

"Mercy on me! What kind of man are you?" she exclaimed, peering into his face in the gray morning light, which was just dawning. "What makes your eyes so big? And what have you done to your feet? They are more like a frog's

webbed feet than anything else, it seems to me."

The queer little man laughed again. "I have wandered many a mile in my time without a horse to help me, and I have heard it said that too much walking makes the feet unshapely," he replied.

"But waste no time in talking, good dame," he exclaimed. "Go thy way into the house. And if the people ask who brought you here in such a short time, tell them that there was a lack of men, so you had to be content to ride behind the BROWNIE OF FERNE-DEN."

— ELIZABETH W. GRIERSON

Prove that the old nurse did not know until the ride was ended who took her to the farmhouse.

What different ending might this story have had if the nurse had known it was the brownie who had come for her?

Read aloud any part of the story which you think your classmates will enjoy.

Ask some classmate to read a part of the story which you would like to hear read aloud. After he has finished, tell him what you enjoyed most in his reading.

READING INTERESTING PARAGRAPHS FOR DETAILS

Often it is important to get only the main thought of a paragraph. Sometimes, however, you need to get every fact or detail that is given. Read the paragraphs below and try to remember every detail in them.

I. The Vikings

The Vikings, or sea rovers, lived many years ago. Their homes were on the shores of the North Sea. They were a fearless people. They were tall and strong, with blue eyes and yellow hair. The Vikings were pirates on the sea. They wore helmets and coats of mail and fought with spears, swords, and knives.

When did the Vikings live?
Where were their homes?
What do you know about the courage of the Vikings?
How did they look?
What were the Vikings on the sea?
What did the Vikings wear?
With what did the Vikings fight?

II. Viking Ships

The ships in which the Vikings sailed were no larger than our fishing boats. They were low in the middle and high at the bow and the stern. On the bow was carved the head of a dragon. A ship had one heavy square sail, as well as oars, to move it through the water.

How large were the Vikings' boats?
Which were the high parts of the boat?
What was on the bow of the boat?
By what means was the boat moved through the water?

III. A Little Portuguese Girl

The little girl from Portugal had on a striped orange and blue skirt. Her sleeveless jacket was blue. She wore a waist of snowy white linen. Her apron was of bright green. The kerchief on her head was embroidered to match her apron. She wore earrings of gold.

Of what colors was the girl's skirt?
Of what color was her jacket?
What was the color of the waist she wore?
Of what color was her apron?
How was her kerchief embroidered?
What kind of earrings did she wear?

IV. The Oriole's Nest

An oriole generally builds her nest in the fork of a limb. The nest looks very much like a little sack. Its framework is woven of cord, hair, and tough grass. This framework is tied to the fork of the limb in many places so that it will not come loose. The lower part of the nest is woven very closely — so closely that the eggs and the baby birds cannot fall through. The inside of the nest is made soft by a lining of hair or fine grass. The finished nest is about eight inches long and five inches wide. In this nest the mother bird lays five or six eggs.

Where does an oriole generally build her nest?
What does it look like?
Of what is its framework woven?
How is the nest kept from falling?
Why is the lower part of the nest woven very closely?
With what is it lined?
How large is it?
How many eggs are laid in this nest?

READING PROBLEMS WITHOUT NUMBERS

Tell whether you would add, subtract, multiply, or divide in each of the problems below.

1. If you know the number of pupils belonging to your room and the number absent today, how can you tell the number present?

2. Find how many pages there are in this book and the number of this page. In what way can you find how many more pages there are in the book?

3. While a boy was being weighed, his dog jumped on the scales and they were weighed together. Then the boy was weighed by himself. How did he find out how much his dog weighed?

4. How can you find how much money Robert has in his two pockets if you know how much he has in each pocket?

5. If you know the cost of one ticket to a ball game and the total amount of money taken in from admissions, how can you find the number of tickets sold?

6. If you know the cost of a baseball, of a baseball bat, of a pitcher's glove, and of a catcher's glove, how can you find the total cost of all the articles?

FISHERMAN'S LUCK

It was just after sunrise when Rick and his chum, Jess, set out with fishing poles over their shoulders. Rick carried a tin bucket of lunch, enough for both boys.

It was one of those mornings always to be remembered. The rosy sky, the singing birds, the dew-wet grass under their eager feet, the delicious smell of June, the warm sunlight, the little teasing wind that ruffled the leaves on the trees close by — all these together made the boys' hearts swell to the bursting point with happiness. Jess put two fingers in his mouth and whistled long and loud. Rick threw his straw hat into the air and gave a yell that sounded like a fire alarm.

But when the boys drew close to the creek they did not make any more noise. They slipped along the sandy bank under the willows until they came to the dead sycamore tree which had fallen across the creek. They sneaked out to the middle of the log and sat down. It was very cool and shady there. The log was green with moss. A lizard lay there blinking his yellow eyes at them. A huge bull frog leaped off a rock at their feet and splashed head foremost into the water.

The boys opened their can of worms and baited

the hooks "just so." They cast in their lines with the greatest care and settled down, without a word, to wait for a bite. It may have been half an hour before Rick's line quivered and a circle of ripples spread out around it.

"Wait!" whispered Rick. Jess waited. He did not even breathe. Then, with a strong tug, the cork bobbed under.

"Jerk him out, Rick! Jerk him out!" shouted Jess.

Rick jerked hard. The pole bent in a thrilling way. Rick stood up and lifted. The line cleared the water, and a beautiful speckled trout flounced and glistened in the sunlight.

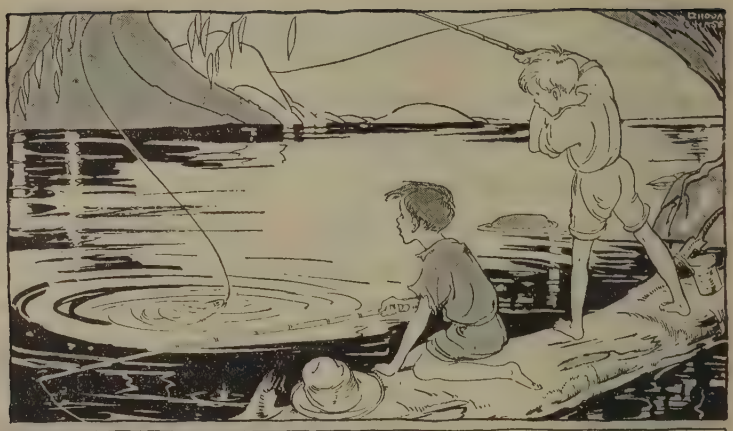
"Rick, isn't he a wonder?" cried Jess.

"Isn't he?" shouted Rick. "Now isn't he?"

Together the boys got the fish to the bank and strung him and tied one end of the cord to a root. The fish went swimming back and forth in the clear water, while the happy boys looked on and baited the line to catch another one.

"I hope you will get the next one, Jess," said Rick.

But Jess was not so fortunate. Once or twice he had a nibble but it was only some impudent little minnow stealing the bait. The boys waited and waited until the sun was exactly overhead.



Rick stood up and lifted . ~

Then they ate their lunch, baited their lines again, and dropped them in and waited. But there were no more bites, not even a nibble, though they waited until the shadows grew very long and it was time to drive the cows home.

"Well, we had better go, I suppose," said Rick.

"Yes," agreed Jess.

They wound their lines, shouldered their poles, and started homeward. Rick's heart was lighter than a toy balloon. How he would surprise the family! They would never dare make fun of his fishing trips again. He would show them a fish that *was* a fish!

Jess's little sister Rindy was swinging on the gate

when the boys came in sight. She called out, "Jess, did you get any fish?"

"No luck for me," replied Jess. "But Rick got one, and it is a wonder."

As they came closer Rindy could see the trout. She did not take her eyes off it. Suddenly Rick understood. Rindy wanted that fish, really wanted it. She called gayly, "Rick, you are a sure enough fisherman now!"

"Yes, and I know to whom I am going to give my fish," said Rick, and he handed it to Rindy.

"No," cried the astonished child. "I won't take it. It is yours. I don't want it!"

But Rick only laughed and started up the hill toward home, leaving the fish in her hands.

Supper would be waiting on the back porch. There would be chicken and green peas and asparagus, he knew. And, likely as not, cherry tarts. He had helped gather the cherries the day before. At his house there was no need of fish for food. But down at the tiny house where Jess and Rindy and their mother lived that fish would be a treat. Perhaps there would not be very much of a supper without it. And if his family did not believe him when he told them what a big fish he had caught — well that did not matter so much anyway!

— Frances F. Wright

WORD BUILDING

A suffix is a letter or letters added to the end of a word to change its meaning. The suffix *ful* usually means *full of*. What does *hopeful* mean?

What words can you make by adding the suffix *ful* to each of the following words? Read the sentences below, using only once each word you formed.

pain	cheer	doubt	play
care	fear	dread	harm
shame	peace	joy	power

1. John said that a toothache is ——.
2. The diver said he had never seen such a —— monster.
3. Everybody felt ashamed of the man who acted in a —— manner.
4. To break health rules is —— to the body.
5. James was always very —— not to drop the ball.
6. Most people like an automobile with a —— engine.
7. No matter what happened Mary smiled and was ——.

8. Girls and boys are —— at Christmas time.

9. The kitten ran after the ball of yarn in a —— way.

10. Not a sound was heard in this quiet, —— spot.

11. Our ball team was so much smaller than the other that it seemed —— whether we could win or not.

12. The hunter was afraid of the savage lion and said it was a —— animal.

The *Sea Gull* had been on a long voyage but now the ship was nearing land. In two days Captain Sam and his sailors would be in port.

That very night a storm arose. White-capped waves, mountain high, towered above the ship. Sometimes she was on the top of a wave. Often the waves swept over the ship. It seemed at times as if the *Sea Gull* would sink, but at last the storm was over.

The ship was in a bad condition. She leaked in several places, and many of the sails had been blown off. Worse than that, she had been blown so far away to sea that Captain Sam was lost. At night the crew followed the North Star, and during the day they kept the morning sun on their right and the afternoon sun on their left.

Day after day went by, but no land appeared. There was still enough water to drink, but the fruits and vegetables had disappeared. The crew had little to eat except salt pork and bread, with no butter.

After many days had passed by, the men began to fall sick, until there were scarcely enough to sail the boat. Even Captain Sam, who had been

The ship was in a bad condition.

at sea from his boyhood, began to feel ill. Nobody knew what was the matter.

One day a sailor unexpectedly found several crates of oranges down in the hold of the ship. They had not been seen before because they had been covered with some baggage. Everybody on board now had a great treat.

Then a remarkable thing happened. After eating the oranges the sailors began to feel better. When they reached port, every man was doing his part to sail the ship.

For the return voyage Captain Sam was careful to have boxes of fruit and vegetables on board. The sailors were well supplied with oranges, apples, pears, potatoes, squashes, tomatoes, celery, and carrots.

The *Sea Gull* made the voyage homeward without even one sailor's being sick. Every man on board was in excellent health when he reached home.

From that day Captain Sam was unusually careful to provide plenty of fresh fruits and vegetables for his crew.

When Captain Sam became an old, old man he left the sea, but he still continued to eat fruits and vegetables. He said he had learned that they make everyone healthy, whether on sea or on land.

— J. Mace Andress and Annie Turner Andress

The central thought of a story is the heart of the story, or the main idea the author wishes to give us. Which of the statements below best gives the central thought of "The Sailors' Friends"?

Captain Sam went on a sea voyage.
Everyone should eat fresh fruits and vegetables.
The oranges had been covered with baggage.

HOW A DWARF SLAPPED A GIANT

Once upon a time there was a king who had at his court a dwarf and a giant who made many merry hours for the king and his courtiers. Even the difference in the size of the two was a cause for merriment.

Usually the dwarf and the giant were friendly, but one day the giant laughed at the dwarf, making fun of his size. This made the dwarf very angry. He cried in a loud voice, "I don't care if I am small. I can box your ears."

At this the giant laughed a big, big laugh. He laughed so hard that he nearly bent double, and all the courtiers laughed too. Then the giant said, "I challenge you to box my ears. Do it if you can."

The dwarf replied in a haughty manner, "Very well, I accept your challenge."

The king was very much amused when he heard what had happened, and he told his men to get the great field of combat ready. Then he and his courtiers went in great state to see the combat.

The poor little dwarf was not two feet high, and he would have to climb a long way to reach the giant's head. So how could he box his ears? No one believed he could do it.

The dwarf began by walking all around the giant, as if to take his measure. The good-natured giant simply stood still and looked down upon the dwarf, and he laughed so hard that his sides shook. The sight was so funny that the king and his courtiers were nearly overcome with laughter.

The dwarf then untied the giant's shoe strings and teased him by picking at him and pinching his legs. The giant liked tickling, and he only laughed more than ever. But after a while he took a few strides, stepped on his loose shoe strings, and nearly had a tumble. "This won't do!" he cried angrily as he stooped down to tie the strings.

The dwarf was waiting for this. He jumped quickly at the giant and gave his cheek so loud a smack that the king and his courtiers looked up in astonishment. When they saw what had happened, they roared with laughter.

The poor giant was so ashamed that he hurried off to the mountains. There he hid himself, and he has never been seen to this good day.

— A Myth of the Rhine

TEST YOURSELF

Down the left-hand margin of a sheet of paper write the numbers from 1 through 4. Choose the

right ending for each of the four incomplete statements given below and write each ending opposite the proper number. Each correct answer will score 25. Try to make a score of 100.

1. The challenge was given by
   - the king
   - the dwarf
   - the giant
2. The challenge was
   - I will pinch your legs.
   - I will box your ears.
   - I will untie your shoe strings.
3. The combat was held
   - in a hall
   - in a castle
   - in a field
4. The dwarf won by causing the giant to
   - stumble and fall
   - laugh until he fell over
   - stoop down

THE TOAD

We often fail to understand some of our best friends in the animal world. We know so little about them that we think they are useless and uninteresting. Toads are often disliked, yet their lives are very useful and full of interest.

The toad comes from eggs laid in water and begins life as a little swimming tadpole. This tadpole is sprinkled all over with very fine spots which look like gold dust. The first few weeks of its life it spends in a ditch or pond, eating water weeds and dead leaves and, a little later, water insects and small worms.

While living in the water, the tadpole looks like a fish. It has a large head and a long tail. It breathes through two gills, one on each side of its head. These gills look somewhat like feathers.

The tadpole changes into a toad before it can live on land. Then it looks very different from a tadpole. As a young tadpole it had no legs; now it has four. Its gills have disappeared, and it breathes through its throat.

Toads prefer to live on land, but in the spring they go back to the shore of the pond, for Mrs. Toad knows that her eggs must be hatched in the water.

The most curious thing about a toad is its tongue. This is very long, and its tip is turned backward into the mouth. The tongue can dart out and snap up an insect or a beetle so quickly that it is almost impossible to see the motion.

Toads are not only harmless, but they are our very good friends. They will live a long time in one place and destroy many bugs and insects that injure our gardens. Toads eat the common house fly. One toad has been seen to snap up eighty-six flies in less than ten minutes.

The United States Department of Agriculture estimates that one toad, by eating cutworms which destroy the crops, saves the farmer about twenty dollars every season.

Are we not unjust to a toad when we shrink from it because it does not seem beautiful to us? It may well be that our eyes are too dull to see its real beauty. But whether we can see the beauty or not, it is only fair that we should be grateful for the service which we are so willing to accept.

— Sarah J. Eddy, *Adapted*

TEST YOURSELF

Down the left-hand margin of a sheet of paper write the numbers from 1 through 4. Choose the right ending for each of the four incomplete state-

ments given below and write each ending opposite the proper number. Each correct answer will score 25. Try to make a score of 100.

1. A tadpole spends most of its time
   - on land
   - flying in the air
   - swimming in water
2. A toad spends most of its time
   - on land
   - swimming in the water
   - flying in the air
3. The most curious thing about a toad is
   - its ear
   - its eye
   - its tongue
4. The toad
   - saves much money for the farmer
   - injures the farmer's crops
   - makes warts on one's hands

HOW WELL DO YOU REMEMBER?

It is not important for you to remember all the details of what you read, but it is important that you remember the main points. To see how well you are doing this, try to give the facts asked for below without referring to the selections. Write the answer opposite the number of each question.

1. Which voice did the armorer's lad obey — that of Faint-Heart or of Courage?
2. Tell which of these animals provided food when the Hollow Tree people were snowed in:

the 'Possum the Crow the Coon

3. Why do most birds go south in the autumn?
4. Tell which of these animals succeeded in bringing fire to the other animals:

the crow the rabbit the owl the snake

5. Can you give five rules about food and drink that you ought to follow every day if you wish to grow up strong and healthy?
6. What did Captain Sam find out that he must eat if he wished to be healthy?
7. With whom did the old nurse ride when the mistress of Ferne-Den was ill?

8. Who won in the combat — the giant or the dwarf?

9. Tell one way in which the toad is useful to man.

Those of you who find you are not remembering as well as you should will be helped by doing some or all of the following things:

Reading the selection several times.

Telling it to someone.

Acting one part of the story.

Trying to remember certain parts. Perhaps closing your eyes will help you to do this.

Choosing the main events or topics.

Bringing to class something that reminds you of the lesson.

There are some stories or facts you will wish to keep in mind always. In order to do this, you should reread these now and then.

THE THREE SONS

Once upon a time there was a mother who had three sons; and which one of them she loved best she could not have told you.

When she looked on the oldest she thought he was the bonniest lad the sun ever shone upon. When she looked on the youngest she declared that his like was not to be found in the Three Kingdoms. And as for the son who came between the oldest and the youngest, to see him was the delight of her eyes.

The three sons were as unlike as fire and earth and water. The oldest was a loud merry fellow. When he was in the house it was like living with the north wind; but when he was out of it the whole place was empty — so his mother said.

The youngest son made no noise at all. A person would never have known that he was in the house; but if he was gone for an hour his mother said, "How long he has been away!"

And as for the one who came between the oldest and the youngest, he was neither noisy nor quiet, but just the most companionable lad in the world, his mother said, and the handiest. Nothing went right on the place unless he was there.

These are the things the mother said about the

There was a mother who had three sons ~ ~ ~

sons when they were young and still about her knees. And she said the same things when they were strong youths and went out into the world to seek their fortunes.

The three sons went by very different roads though each of them desired to go to the same place, the City of the Shining Treasure, where fortunes might be found in plenty, it was told.

The oldest son felt very sure that the only road on which to travel was the one that led over the mountain tops. "The way is steep, but who is afraid of a little climbing?" said he; and he cut himself a stout staff and tramped away.

There were few travelers on this mountain

road, and he was oftener alone than in company. But he was never lonely, for the wind whistled through the trees like a merry comrade, and the sun was brighter on the mountain top than in the valley, or so he thought. And at night the stars were close to him, so close that it almost seemed as if he could touch them.

And though there were yawning chasms and perilous precipices along the way, he made his way safely. In good time he reached the City of the Shining Treasure and went in at the gate.

The youngest son was certain that the woodland road was the one that led to the goal of his desire, and he went that way. Nor did he lack for company, for, though he saw few travelers, the woodland folk — foxes and deer and soft-eyed fawns — were his companions. And as for the wolves and bears that lurked in the shadows, he withstood them all and came out safely beyond the wood to the City of the Shining Treasure and entered in.

The son that came between the oldest and the youngest chose the valley road, which wound on and on, passing by pleasant little wayside cottages set in fair gardens and stately castles covered with ivy.

And he was never alone. Peddlers with packs,

minstrels with songs, farmers with wheat, mothers with babes, old men with staffs, lads with goats, maidens with spindles, shepherds with sheep — all of them traveled that way. And he was a friend with everyone.

And what with helping one with his pack and another with his lambs, he was a longer time upon the way than his brothers had been, as often happens to one who travels with a crowd. But by and by he, too, came to the end of the road. And he, too, found himself at the gate of the City of the Shining Treasure; for there are more roads than one to that wondrous place.

The three sons did not meet in the city, which was not so strange as it may seem. For though they were there to seek and find the treasure of which the city was said to be full, they sought in very different ways to gain their hearts' desire.

The oldest son was no sooner in the city than everyone knew he was there and why he had come; and presently the Lord Mayor sent for him.

"On the topmost point of the city's towers is the nest of a hawk that preys upon our poultry and gives us no rest. And I have promised to fill the nest with coins for him who will bring it to me. But none have dared to climb so high," said he.

"Oh, I am used to climbing," replied the oldest

son. And he mounted to the top of the tower, rid the people of the pest, and won the treasure while others were talking about it.

And no sooner were his pockets full than he started for home. But before he went he bought a present for his mother. The present was a jewel, as clear and as blue as a summer's sky, for her to wear in her hair.

The youngest son dug in the earth with shovel and pick for his treasure. He worked long hours, like other laborers, and his hands grew hard and his back bent with toil. But by and by he found the treasure, and then those things were of little matter.

"Now I shall go home with my pockets full," he thought. But before he went he bought a present for his mother. His present was a pair of shoes, made of finest leather, for her little feet.

The son who came between the oldest and the youngest neither climbed nor dug for his treasure. He earned it little by little in the midst of the great city, where he was soon as busy and as helpful as he had been upon the road. It was scarcely so much as a pocketful that he got; but he was content, which is as good as having a fortune. And, as he followed his homeward way, he plucked a nosegay of early flowers to take to his mother.

Now all the while the sons were seeking the treasure the mother was at home thinking of them. There was nothing she could do — bake a pudding for Sunday dinner, feed the chickens in the barnyard, or listen to the pigeons cooing on the roof — that did not remind her of them. And the more she thought of them, the more she wished they were at home again.

And one night, as she sat by the window watching the stars and thinking of the lads, there came a loud knock at the door. When she opened the door there stood the oldest son, brown with the wind and ruddy with the sun, with his fortune in his pockets and his present in his hand.

"My eyes have been aching for the sight of you since the day you were gone!" cried the mother. And as for the present, it was just what she wanted. If the fairies themselves had asked what she most desired, she said, she would have chosen a jewel. And nothing would do but that she must fasten it in her hair.

While she was doing this, there came at the door a soft little tap. And when she hastened to answer it, there stood the youngest son in a workman's smock, with his fortune in his pockets and his present in his hand.

"There has never been a moment while you were

There never were such shoes before!

away that I have not wished you back," said his mother. And as for the present, it was just what she wanted. There never were such shoes before!

"The elves must have stolen my shoe last for the fitting!" said she; for nothing would do but that she must put the shoes on.

And while she was doing this, the door opened and in walked the son who came between the oldest and the youngest.

"Now everything will go well with us!" cried his mother. "You must mend the latch the first thing in the morn, and look to the kitchen chimney before another day goes by. And what have you brought me?" she asked.

"The flowers of the May to wear on your

breast," said the son who came between the oldest and the youngest. And there was no need for her to tell him they were just what she wanted. He saw that for himself as he fastened them in her dress.

"You are bonny lads, the three of you!" said she, as they sat together on the door stone to watch the stars. But which of the three she loved the best she could not have told you.

— Maud Lindsay

This story is made up of a number of scenes. Find as many of them as you can. Read your favorite scene to the class.

THE FAIRIES HAVE NEVER A PENNY TO SPEND

The fairies have never a penny to spend,
They haven't a thing put by;
But theirs is the dower of bird and of flower
And theirs are the earth and the sky.
And though you should live in a palace of gold
Or sleep in a dried-up ditch,
You could never be poor as the fairies are,
And never as rich.

Since ever and ever the world began
They have danced like a ribbon of flame,
They have sung their song through the centuries long
And yet it is never the same.
And though you be foolish or though you be wise,
With hair of silver or gold,
You could never be young as the fairies are,
And never as old.

— Rose Fyleman

MY DOG

I have no dog, but it must be
Somewhere there's one belongs to me —
A little chap with wagging tail,
And dark brown eyes that never quail,
But look you through, and through, and through
With love unspeakable, but true.

Somewhere it must be, I opine,
There is a little dog of mine
With cold black nose that sniffs around
In search of what things may be found
In pocket, or some nook hard by
Where I have hid them from his eye.

Somewhere my doggie pulls and tugs
The fringes of rebellious rugs,

From *Foothills of Parnassus*, by John Kendrick Bangs. By permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

Or with the mischief of the pup
Chews all my shoes and slippers up,
And when he's done it to the core
With eyes all eager pleads for more.

Somewhere upon his hinder legs
My little doggie sits and begs,
And in a wistful minor tone
Pleads for the pleasures of the bone —
I pray it be his owner's whim
To yield, and grant the same to him.

Somewhere a little dog doth wait,
It may be by some garden gate,
With eyes alert and tail attent —
You know the kind of tail that's meant —
With stores of yelps of glad delight
To bid me welcome home at night.

Somewhere a little dog is seen,
His nose two shaggy paws between,
Flat on his stomach, one eye shut
Held fast in dreamy slumber, but
The other open, ready for
His master coming through the door.

— John Kendrick Bangs

SOAP MAKING AT THE HOWLANDS'

I

The snowdrifts were disappearing fast. Each day the sun drank up a great many little ones and devoured huge pieces of the larger ones. Great patches of brown earth were uncovered in every direction, and the "caw, caw" of the crows could be heard each morning.

"Spring has really come, and we must make the soap at once," said Goodwife Howland. "The grease will be softening, and the meat scraps are thawing. We shall not want to have them about the house any longer. Jonathan, you and William may as well make the lye tomorrow."

"Make the lye!" little Richard heard the words with a start. He was only five, and he knew of just one kind of lie. And that kind, he had been taught, people ought not to make.

"You will need to use two barrels," added Goodwife Howland.

"What can she mean?" wondered Richard, beginning to watch very carefully to see what his big brothers would do.

They did nothing about the soap making that day, for they were busy chopping wood to burn in the great fireplace the coming winter. But the

next day they started the soap making, as their mother had suggested.

It was all new to Richard. He had been sick with measles at soap-making time the year before. And before that — well, he could not remember. But they must have made soap, because people had always been telling him to wash his hands.

As children were taught in those days that they should be seen and not heard, Richard kept his bright blue eyes wide open, but asked very few questions.

When Jonathan and William were ready to make the lye, Jonathan rolled out two barrels, each with a hole bored in the bottom. Into each barrel he put a layer of clean, fresh straw, and, with William's help, filled each with wood ashes. Then the two lifted the barrels to a high bench that stood by the shed door, taking care that the holes were just above two large empty buckets.

"The ashes cannot get into the buckets on account of the straw," thought Richard. Still he asked no questions.

When the barrels and buckets were in place, Jonathan brought two pails of water. These and many more he and William poured over the ashes, until at last the water began to drip into the buckets below.

"It doesn't look very clean," thought Richard, as he stepped up to have a better look at the water in the buckets.

"Look out, child!" called Jonathan. "Do not touch the lye unless you want to lose the skin from your fingers."

So it was lye which the buckets held! Nothing but water that had run through wood ashes! Well, he was glad to learn.

"Surely you do not think it is strong enough yet to eat the skin," said William.

"Very likely it is," replied Jonathan. "As soon as it is through dripping, we will test it. I hope it will not be necessary to pour it through the ashes again."

"Will Jonathan test it by dipping in his finger?" Richard asked himself. He did not like to think of the result if the lye was strong. But he need not have troubled himself about Jonathan's finger; for late in the afternoon Jonathan brought out a hen's egg and placed it in one of the buckets. Wonder of wonders! It did not sink. He put the egg in the other bucket: it floated there also.

"Good! both buckets of lye are ready for use," Jonathan said, with relief. "We shall have the soap making out of the way soon."

Jonathan brought out a hen's egg ~

II

Nothing more was done about the soap until the next morning. Then Jonathan began the work by building a fire under the huge kettle in the back kitchen and by pouring the lye into the kettle.

His mother brought the frozen meat scraps and the waste grease that had been saved during the winter. These she put into the lye.

Such a kettleful it was! Richard fairly laughed to himself. That make soap? The idea! Why, he would not have to use any soap all next year for scrubbing his hands. Much as he disliked to bother about clean hands, he was almost sorry that he would not be able to get clean if he should want to.

"The skimmer, Richard," directed his mother, in the midst of his wonder. The kettleful of lye and grease was bubbling briskly. When Richard brought the skimmer, Goodwife Howland began to take off all the scum which rose to the top.

After a time, when all the waste had been skimmed, the liquid grew thick as molasses. Richard thought, as he watched it boil, that perhaps after all he would have to wash his hands. The thick mixture was beginning to look very much like the soap he had used all the past year.

Pff! pff! pff! Blob! blob! The mixture boiled as you have seen molasses candy boil when it is almost ready to take off the stove. At last his mother said, "The soap is made."

When Jonathan and William came in for dinner, they put the hot soap into pails and carried it down into the cellar to fill the soap barrel. Most people today keep their soap in boxes, but the Howland family always kept theirs in a barrel. When they needed more soap, they brought it upstairs in a bowl.

When the soap was cold, it was still a thick brown jelly, but that was just what Goodwife Howland expected. The only kind of soap she ever made for her family was what is called soft soap. It was not a bit like the hard white soap

you like to use when you wash your hands, but it was very good soap. And Richard Howland could get his busy little hands just as clean as if he had used the prettiest, sweetest-smelling cake of hard soap that ever was made.

— Gertrude L. Stone and L. Grace Fickett

Some parts of this story tell how the Howlands made lye for their soap making and how they tested it to see if it was strong enough. Can you read those parts?

Also read the parts that tell about these things:

How the soap was made
How it looked
Where it was kept

BETTY LOU GOES SHOPPING

Betty Lou and Aunt Mary were going to the store. It was a very warm afternoon in August, and some people might have thought a trip to the store a dull thing. Not Betty Lou! She had helped collect the things they had to sell: eleven dozen eggs and a big rooster and a fat hen. All of these were under the buggy seat.

Old Dolly was at the back gate. Aunt Mary got her palm-leaf fan and her umbrella, and Betty Lou scrambled excitedly into her new flowered dress and put on her fresh sunbonnet. "Now," she said, "we are ready!"

They had nearly reached the gate when Aunt Mary remembered that she had not locked the smokehouse where the hams and bacon were kept. Back she went, while Betty Lou wriggled with impatience. She unhitched Dolly and got in, holding the reins so as to be ready.

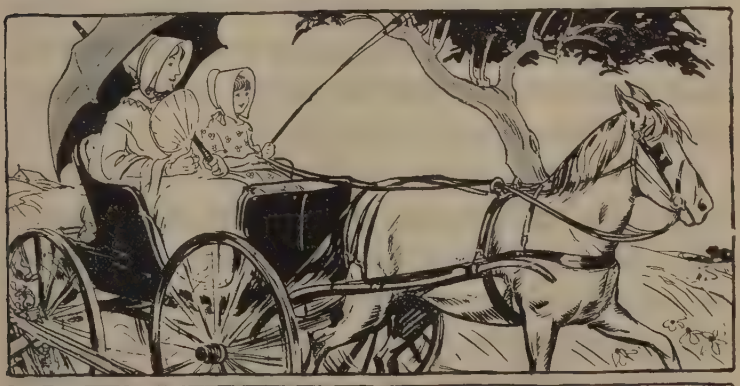
Aunt Mary had nearly reached the gate again when back she went to water the young chickens. "Oh, dear!" cried Betty Lou.

But the third time Aunt Mary came through the gate and climbed into the buggy. She settled herself with care and opened her umbrella. Then she said, puffing slightly, "Now, get up, Dolly!"

She let Betty Lou drive. They jogged along the country road. Betty Lou was sure there was no other road on earth like this one. It did not run straight ahead, but was a winding, beckoning, "follow-me" kind of road.

It was a long way to the store — four miles. And though now and then Aunt Mary complained of the heat and the dust, Betty Lou was full of happiness. One dozen eggs were hers to trade for what she liked, because each day she went to the loft and the haystack and all the out-of-the-way places to get the eggs for Aunt Mary.

Eggs were twenty-three cents a dozen. Betty Lou thought about what she would get. A pink hair ribbon would be nice. Or a set of jacks and a ball and candy canes. Her mind went back



She let Betty Lou drive.

and forth in a delicious, dreamy way, unwilling to decide yet which thing to buy. Suddenly Aunt Mary spoke. "Yonder's Hedda," she said. "She is out on the porch today."

Betty Lou leaned out across Aunt Mary, waved her hand, and called, "Hedda! Hedda! Hello!"

A little hand fluttered from the porch in reply.

"She is better!" cried Betty Lou excitedly. "It is the first time they have let her sit out on the porch!"

Hedda was nine, and Betty Lou was only eight, but you would have thought it was the other way around if you had seen them. For Betty Lou was plump and rosy and big and strong, and Hedda was thin and pale. She had had measles and then whooping cough, but she was getting well so rapidly that it would not be long before she was plump and rosy again. But Betty Lou knew that Hedda must be tired of staying in the house for so long a time and felt very sorry for her.

At last Aunt Mary and Betty Lou reached the store. It smelled like peppermint and tobacco and oil and new shoes. While Aunt Mary bargained with the storekeeper, Betty Lou saw everything there was to be seen.

"Now, it is *your* turn, Betty Lou," said Aunt Mary at last.

By this time Betty Lou's mind was made up. She bought three oranges. That was a dime. Then she bought a box of wax crayons and a little drawing book. That was another dime. "And three of those little candy canes," said Betty Lou, pointing to the striped ones. That was three cents more. Twenty-three cents in all.

Betty Lou politely offered a candy cane to Aunt Mary, but she did not care for candy. So Betty Lou crunched happily all the way to Hedda's house, eating two of the little canes. The third one she gave to Hedda — with the oranges and the drawing book and the crayons.

When Hedda saw what Betty Lou had brought her, her thin little face lighted up like a candle, and a tinge of color crept into her cheeks. She smiled up at Betty Lou, and that smile was worth to Betty Lou at least half a dozen bright pink hair ribbons and any number of balls and jacks.

— Frances F. Wright

Did you learn anything about country life that you did not know before? Read aloud the lines which tell what you learned. Read any other part you wish your classmates to enjoy with you.

Prove that Betty Lou was thoughtful of others and industrious.

WORD BUILDING

I. A prefix is a letter or letters joined to the beginning of a word to change its meaning. You learned in your last lesson that Betty Lou was *unselfish*. You can easily see that this word is made by prefixing *un* to the word *selfish*. *Un* is a prefix which usually means *not; unselfish* means *not* selfish.

Using the prefix *un*, make new words from those below and use each new word in a sentence.

desirable	harmed	interesting	usual
comfortable	expected	reasonable	willing

Each of you may add to the list a word beginning with the prefix *un*, meaning *not*, and ask your classmates what the word means.

II. The prefix *dis* often means *not* and, when prefixed to a word, makes the word mean just the opposite of what it means without the prefix.

Answer each of the following questions in a full sentence. For example, in answering the first question, you would say, "A *disobedient* girl is a girl who does *not* obey."

What is meant by

a disobedient girl?	a disagreeable task?
a dishonest man?	a discontented boy?
a dishonorable action?	a dissatisfied customer?

He has a horn that he blows loudly.

A LETTER OF POLLY THE PIONEER

May 1, 1829

Dear Richard:

When Henry went to the Forks for the mail today, he found that the postmaster had it all spread out on the ground to dry. It comes twice a month and is brought by a man on horseback. We call him the postrider. When the streams are very much swollen, as they are now by the spring thaw, he has to ford them. This time he had to swim the river with his horse, and the mail got thoroughly soaked.

From *Letters of Polly the Pioneer*, by Stella Humphrey Nida. By permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

He has a horn that he blows loudly when he reaches the towns where he is due. Whatever else our family may lack, we always manage to have some way of paying the postage on our letters. They say there is a letter down there for the Burtons that has been waiting a year for them to get enough postage to claim it.

I have been wanting to tell you about our sugar making. You know all the sweets we get here are honey and maple sugar. The maple sugar trees are scattered about through the woods, and many have been cut down to make clearings. But about five miles from this settlement there is a clump of them in the big woods. Nothing else is there but bears and maybe Indians.

Eliza and John, Andrew, Jane, and I went with Mr. Brown and Henry to camp while the sap was running. We borrowed all the big kettles in the settlement and took them down on an oxcart. We also took our provisions, for the boys did not want to hunt unless game was thrown in their way. The boys fitted up a half-faced camp, which is a log pen with a slanting roof and the front side open. At the open side we built our fire. We made beds of boughs and skins and used skins for coverings. We lived like the very earliest pioneers for three weeks. The ground was still cold and wet, but

our fires kept us warm and we made sport of discomfort, as true pioneers must.

You have seen maple trees tapped at home when the sap begins to flow in the spring. We bored holes into the sapwood of the trees. The sap oozes through these holes and drips through a tube, or spile, made of a twig from the elder bush. The elder twig makes good spiles because the soft spongy core can be pushed out, leaving a smooth clean tube. One end is whittled to fit into the hole in the tree.

The troughs were made of a tree which was first cut into short logs. Then the logs were split in the middle, and the flat tops were hollowed out into smooth clean troughs for catching the sap that dripped from the spiles. The sap looks like water and has such a slight taste of sweet that you wonder how it can ever be boiled down to rich golden sirup. The men carried the buckets of sap from the near-by trees on yokes on their shoulders. But they used the oxcart to bring the sap from the more distant troughs to the kettles. It takes pails and pails of sap to make a pint of sirup.

We women kept up the fire and watched the boiling sap. We took turns cooking the meals, and the men took turns sitting up at night to

The men carried the buckets of sap~

watch the fire and keep it from going out under the kettles, for we kept the sap boiling constantly. In the evening we all sat together about the fire, wrapped in our shawls and buffalo robes and quilted hoods.

After our sap was boiled down sweet and thick, we women cleared it with eggs and lime. Then we took the sirup home to make into sugar by cooking it down until it was much thicker and stirring it until it grained. This is our "company sugar," and we use it very carefully.

Sometimes the Indians are very troublesome in the sugar-making season. They come and beg for sugar like children and never know when they have enough. One never dares offend Indians by refusing them anything to eat, for their ideas are

different from ours. There is no pleasure in working hard to make sugar and then feeding it to greedy Indians. So we kept the smoke from our fire hidden as much as possible by boiling near a thick clump of trees and were not troubled at all.

Your sister,

Polly, the Pioneer

— Stella Humphrey Nida

Polly lived about a hundred years ago in what is now the state of Indiana. This letter tells of those pioneer days.

Read the two paragraphs which tell interesting facts about receiving mail.

Read the paragraph which tells where the maple sugar trees were found; the one that describes the sugar camp.

Read the paragraph which tells how the trees were tapped; the one that tells how the sap is caught and carried to the kettles.

Read the two paragraphs that tell how the women helped.

Read the paragraph which tells about the greedy Indians.

Make a heading for paragraphs 3, 4, 5, and 8, remembering that a good heading tells in as few words as possible what the paragraph is about.

The suffix *less* usually means *without.* What does *fearless* mean?

What words can you make by adding the suffix *less* to each of the following words? Read the sentences below, using only once each word you formed.

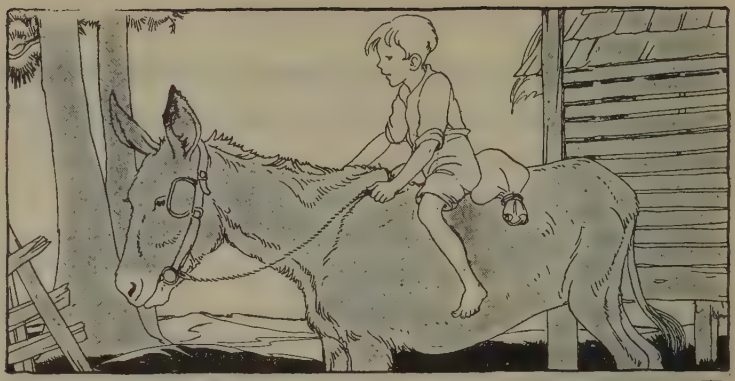
blame	odor	tree
sight	price	tooth
stain	form	thorn

1. When the animal opened its mouth, we saw that it was ——.
2. The bush did not scratch Jane's hands because it was ——.
3. There was no shade on the island because it was ——.
4. Flowers without scent are said to be ——.
5. Frank did not have anything to do with the accident, so he is ——.
6. Fishes that do not have eyes with which to see are ——.
7. Since we cannot tell what shape fog is, we say it is ——.
8. The king would not sell his crown, as it was ——.
9. There were no marks or stains on the knife for it was made of —— steel.

WHAT IS WRONG?

The following problems cannot be solved because there is something missing in each one. Can you tell what is wrong?

1. How much will 10 valentines cost?
2. While at the seashore some boys bought a boat for $27.50, dividing the cost equally. How much did each boy pay?
3. When the boys went home, they sold the boat for $15. How much did each boy get from the sale?
4. John wished to divide 12 fishes he caught among his friends, giving each one the same number. How many fishes did he give each friend?
5. Mary wishes to buy chocolate bars at 10 cents each. How many can she buy?
6. If Tom lives 10 miles from a certain city, how long will it take him to drive his car there?
7. If Henry ate 4 of his colored Easter eggs, how many has he left?
8. Some girls made sandwiches for a picnic. They spent some money for ham, $1.15 for bread, 84 cents for butter, and 50 cents for lettuce. How much did the sandwiches cost?
9. If 24 boys received prizes at a track meet, what was the cost of all the prizes?



Then he crawled up in front ~

JOE BECOMES A MILLER

Joe sat busily shucking corn. He was going to shell a bushel and take it to mill. It was not easy work exactly, but Joe liked to go to the mill and in order to go he was glad to shuck and shell the corn. He filled the peck measure four times and emptied it into the clean sack his mother had given him.

When he was ready, he put the sack on old Jingo's back. Then he crawled up in front of it and pressed his bare heels against Jingo's lazy sides. The mule switched his tail and unwillingly trotted off toward the mill.

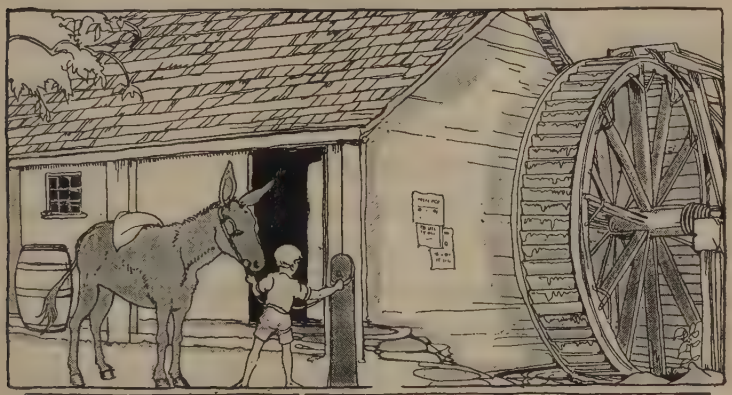
The mill was a cheerful place. A little creek went rushing by, making an angry, scolding noise

as if it did not like not being used any longer. The wheel that the creek had once turned so merrily was moss-grown now, and inside the mill a gasoline engine sputtered and hummed merrily.

The little fat miller did not sputter, but he hummed merrily, too. He was as round as a sack of meal himself. Joe loved to watch him at work. So, when he came in sight of the mill that morning, he dug his heels into Jingo's lazy sides a little harder, and the old mule broke into a brisk trot. He did not stop until he was in front of the mill.

"Hello, Mr. White!" called Joe.

But no jolly round face appeared at the door. The mill was unlocked and Joe got down and went inside, but no one was there. It was not at all jolly that day. Joe went outside and hitched



Joe went outside and hitched Jingo.

Jingo. Then he made his way on foot down the stony path that led to the small house where Mr. White lived. Mrs. White came to the door. She was as tall and lean as Mr. White was short and fat.

"Come in, Joe," she said kindly, "Mr. White has sprained his ankle a little and is lying down."

Joe went in. "Hello, boy!" called Mr. White cheerily. "The first time you ever caught me away from my mill, isn't it?"

Joe said, "I am sorry, Mr. White," and wriggled his toes because he did not know what else to do.

"The truth is, Joe, I am getting a little old," Mr. White said.

Joe did not like the idea of Mr. White's getting old. He said, "You will be all right soon, Mr. White."

"Now what is to be done about your corn?" the little miller asked.

A bold idea made Joe's cheeks redden. "Oh, Mr. White," he cried, "I can grind it myself!"

At first Mr. White laughed at the idea, but at last he decided to let the boy try. It was more than exciting to be in charge of the mill, Joe thought. He poured the corn in the hopper, a peck at a time, and started the engine. Presently meal began to run out of the spout.

Just as Joe finished and was tying up the sack,

Mr. White came in leaning on a heavy cane. "Good work, Joe," he cried heartily. Joe flushed to the roots of his hair.

"I have been thinking," said Mr. White, "that maybe I could get you to come every Saturday and help me. You are a strong, bright boy, and you would be of great help to me. Besides that, you would earn a little money for yourself."

Joe tried to say that he did not want to be paid for doing what he liked best to do, but the words would not come. He was tongue-tied with happiness, you see. But Mr. White knew he would be there.

And he was! Every Saturday, bright and early, he was on duty. He worked hard, harder than he ever did at home, but somehow it did not seem as if it were work because Joe liked doing it so well. That makes all the difference in the world, you know.

So now, on Saturdays, the engine and Joe and the fat little miller all hum merrily as they work together. They pay no attention to the quarrelsome creek outside. And Mr. White says that getting old is not half so bad as he thought it would be since he has such a cheerful and willing and capable helper as Joe!

— Frances F. Wright

Can you prove that Joe was industrious, cheerful, and capable?

Can you prove that the mill was an old one?

In discussing the above questions with your classmates, read aloud lines that help you prove any point you wish to make. Perhaps you will wish also to read lines that help bring out any other part of the story in which you are especially interested.

If this story reminds you of anything you have seen in the country, tell the class about it.

THE WINDMILL

If you should bid me make a choice
'Twixt wind and water mill,
In spite of all the millpond's charms
I'd take those gleaming sweeping arms
High on a windy hill.

The miller stands before his door
And whistles for a breeze;
And, when it comes, his sails go round
With such a mighty rushing sound
You think of heavy seas.

From *Another Book of Verse for Children*, by Edward Verrall Lucas. By permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

And if the wind declines to blow
The miller takes a nap
(Although he'd better spend an hour
In brushing at the dust and flour
That line his coat and cap.)

Now, if a water mill were his,
Such rest he'd never know,
For round and round his crashing wheel,
His dashing, splashing, plashing wheel,
Unceasingly would go.

So, if you'd bid me make a choice
'Twixt wind and water mill,
In spite of all a millpond's charms,
I'd take those gleaming sweeping arms
High on the windy hill.

— Edward Verrall Lucas

THE FAIRIES

There are fairies at the bottom of our garden!
It's not so very, very far away;
You pass the gardener's shed and you just keep
straight ahead —
I do so hope they've really come to stay.
There's a little wood, with moss in it and beetles,

And a little stream that quietly runs through;
You wouldn't think they'd dare to come merry-making there —
Well, they do.

There are fairies at the bottom of our garden!
They often have a dance on summer nights;
The butterflies and bees make a lovely little breeze,
And the rabbits stand about and hold the lights.
Did you know that they could sit upon the moon-beams
And pick a little star to make a fan,
And dance away up there in the middle of the air?
Well, they can.

There are fairies at the bottom of our garden!
You cannot think how beautiful they are;
They all stand up and sing when the Fairy Queen and King
Come gently floating down upon their car.
The King is very proud and *very* handsome;
The Queen — now can you guess who that could be
(She's a little girl all day, but at night she steals away)?
Well — it's Me!

— Rose Fyleman

ARE THESE ANSWERS REASONABLE?

In the following problems and answers, decide, without working the problems, which answers are reasonable and which are unreasonable.

1. If a top costs 9 cents, how much will 36 tops cost at the same price?

Answer, 4 cents.

2. If one bus ticket costs 8 cents, how much will 25 tickets cost at the same price?

Answer, $2.00.

3. If one slice of cake costs 3 cents, how many slices can you buy for 30 cents?

Answer, 90 slices.

4. A boy sold some cherries at 15 cents a quart. If he received $1.50 for what he sold, how many quarts did he sell?

Answer, 10 quarts.

5. Twenty-five pupils belong to our class, but only 20 are present. How many are absent?

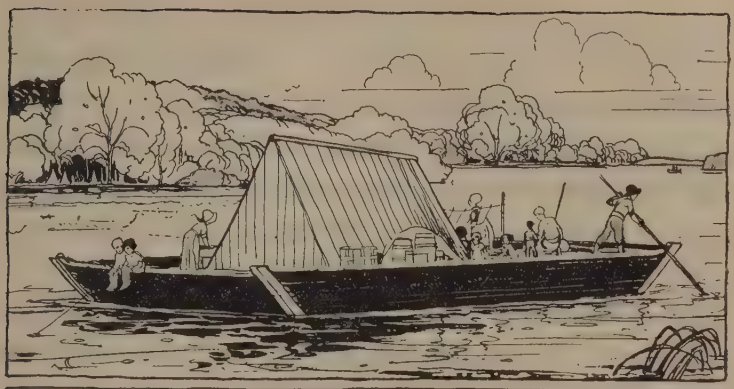
Answer, 45 pupils.

6. We learn 3 words a day in our class. How many do we learn in 10 days?

Answer, 30 words.

7. If you can buy 2 sticks of candy for 5 cents. how many can you buy for 10 cents?

Answer, 20 sticks.



Our boat was like a house ~ ~

GRANDFATHER'S STORY

When I was a very small boy I lived on a small rocky farm in Pennsylvania. My father had a large family of seven children to support. He thought he could do better by going West, so he traded his farm for a flatboat in which we were to go down the beautiful Ohio River.

I was about twelve years old, and had scarcely ever been away from our farm before. I was wild with joy when we started and could not understand why the grown folks looked sad. I well remember the tears that fell from Grandmother's eyes as she handed baby Betty to my mother when we left the old home. It seemed to me that we were going into a new world. I did not know that it was a

hard, lonely life we were beginning. Of course, the grown folks knew all this. No wonder Grandmother's tears fell fast.

Our boat was like a house on the water. There was another family of several children with us and of course no lack of fun among so many little ones.

How beautiful it was as we drifted slowly down the river! It was in the fall of the year, and the trees looked like great bouquets. All day the boat moved slowly down the stream, but it was fastened to the shore at night. Once our boat ran into a sand bar, and it took the men several days to get it off. We children were just as happy in the woods as on the boat.

We saw many Indians here, but they were friendly and did not wish to hurt us. They would look at our baby and say, "White papoose: squaw or warrior?" Mother was afraid they would steal it, but she need not have feared. They did not admire a little, weak white baby.

After six weeks on the river, we landed at a little town which had a store and a blacksmith's shop. Its one street was full of stumps. Father agreed to trade his boat for some land near the center of the state. He and another man tramped off through the woods to build a cabin for us. We

lived in the boat while the two men were doing this work.

After a while Father came back for us, and we started again on our journey — but this time on foot. We secured an ox team and a cart to take our goods to the new home.

The weather had grown quite cold by this time, so cold that often I had to run to keep warm. At night we built a great log fire near our camp. Once it was so cold that Mother sat up all night near the fire, holding the baby on her lap to keep it warm.

Often we had to cut down trees to make a way for our wagon through the woods. As we traveled, we saw and heard many wild animals. All night we could hear the howling of the wolves, but we did not fear them because they were afraid of the log fire we kept burning near us. In the day we could see plenty of deer, turkeys, and squirrels. We could have for our dinner any of these that we chose.

At last we reached our rude log-cabin home and began our life in the new country. It took us six days to make the journey. You could go as far today in two hours.

There was little that you would call comfortable in our cabin, but we had one beautiful thing —

At last we reached our rude log-cabin home ~ ~ ~

the open fire. The fireplace was so large that we could burn great logs in it. As they crackled and burned, they filled our home with rosy light.

Of course, all our food was cooked by this open fire. Over it swung a great iron crane, on which kettles could be hung. Mother had a big iron skillet with legs and a heavy lid. She baked bread in this by placing coals on the lid and under the skillet.

Sometimes she made a "johnnycake," which is corn bread baked on a board. It was set up before the fire until one side was done, and then it was turned to let the other side bake. I have never since tasted food that seemed so good as that cooked before the fire.

We were always sure of having plenty of meat — deer, turkey, bear, or squirrel. The trouble was to get bread. Of course, our bread was made of corn meal, and we were glad to get that.

We had brought some corn with us which we hoped would last until we could raise more. Corn is usually ground to make meal, but there was no mill near us at first, so we had to pound it. A mortar was made by burning out a stump, and the corn was crushed in it by a heavy weight.

Before the corn became too hard, it could be grated. A piece of tin was punched full of holes, and then bent and fastened to a board. On this grater a coarse kind of meal was made which was

A mortar was made by burning out a stump ~

used for mush or corn bread. We thought ourselves well off if we had plenty of corn bread or hominy and meat.

We early settlers were always so happy to see visitors that any stranger was welcome to come to our houses and stay as long as he wished. When a new family came to live near us, all the settlers in the region helped them build their cabin. We did all we could for them and shared everything we had with them.

— Florence Bass

This story falls naturally into three parts:

The Trip down the River
The Journey to the New Home
Food

Can you tell where each part begins and ends?

Perhaps some of you have heard through your grandparents tales of pioneer days. If so, your classmates would like to hear these stories.

QUESTIONS ABOUT SAFETY

Below are nine questions about safety. Decide how you should answer each question. Be able in a class discussion to give good reasons for your answers. Whenever you can, give an incident that helps you to illustrate your point.

1. Should you leave the sidewalk and run into the street in playing games, unless the street is roped off for that purpose?
2. Should you ever cross a street except at a corner?
3. Should you ever cross the street at a corner when the way is not clear?
4. Should you roller skate on the streets?
5. Which is better — to lose a ball that rolls into the street or to risk your life by running after it?
6. Should you steal rides or hitch your wagon or bicycle to trucks or motor cars?
7. How can you guard the safety of your little brothers and sisters who do not know danger?
8. In what ways might you risk your life in play or injure yourself?
9. There are five thousand children killed every year in the United States by automobiles. How can you help to prevent accidents of this kind?

CHOOSE THE RIGHT MEANING

All the words printed in italics have been used in some of the preceding lessons, and you probably know the meaning of each one. In each case choose the word which gives most nearly the right meaning.

1. *Merry* means: sad, wild, gay, polite
2. *Correct* means: wrong, right, poor, good
3. *Different* means: the same, unlike, busy, lazy
4. A *combat* is: a fight, a party, a toy, a man
5. An *author* is: a painter, a banker, a writer, a merchant
6. *Wholesome* means: soft, healthful, big, hard
7. A *comrade* is: an enemy, a companion, a slave, a prisoner
8. To *discuss* means: to run, walk, play, talk about
9. *Alarmed* means: frightened, gay, angry, sad
10. *Incomplete* means: unfinished, old, new, spoiled
11. To *refuse* means: to agree, do, decline, act
12. *Haughty* means: proud, timid, weak, ill
13. A *courtier* is: a king, a warrior, a slave, a member of the king's court
14. *Solemn* means: gay, merry, happy, serious

VISITING AT MOUNT VERNON

Any boy or girl would have loved the great farm at Mount Vernon, where George Washington lived. In fact, it was not one farm but several. It was a small village of which the big white house with its tall pillars, huge kitchen, and many fireplaces was the center.

The farm lay on the right bank of the Potomac River, with Mr. Washington's own wharf from which he shipped tobacco, flour, and many barrels of shad and herring to England. He raised the wheat in his own fields and ground it into flour at his own mill, and every barrel of it was stamped, "George Washington, Mount Vernon." That meant that it did not have to be opened by the men at the customhouse, for everyone knew what good flour was ground in Washington's mill.

If you could have paid a visit to Mount Vernon long, long ago, in the year 1799, you would have started from the wharf and taken a walk to the different parts of the estate of Mount Vernon, each interesting in its own way.

There was the River Farm, with its tobacco fields lying along the bank of the river. There was Dogue-Run Farm, and Muddy-Hole Farm, and Union Farm, named after our country gained

its independence, and the Mansion-House Farm. There were ducks and roosters and chickens. There were mules and cows and pigs and horses — all the four-footed friends that you love. Mr. Washington loved them, too.

Your walk about the grounds of Mount Vernon would have taken you through the most delightful woods, for George Washington loved trees and believed that they should form part of our country's wealth. He did all he could to preserve his woodland. A letter that he wrote from Philadelphia to one of his farm superintendents at Mount Vernon, tells us this:

"It is much to be regretted, and I do regret it exceedingly, that the honey locusts which have been set out should have perished. It would seem as if I never would get forward in my plan of hedging.

"With respect to the transplanting of cedar, or any other evergreen, I am persuaded there is no other sure way of getting them to live than by taking them up in the winter with a block of frozen earth around the roots, and as large as can conveniently be obtained.

"I transplanted thousands of pine and cedar trees, getting scarcely any to live until I adopted the above method; after which, so long as it was

practiced, I never lost one. Witness the pine groves by the gardens!"

Following the paths and trails of Mount Vernon, you would look in through the doorway of a pleasant schoolhouse where the children of the Washington servants and farmhands were taught free. And you might chance upon a big barn known as the neighborhood corn house, which was filled every year, through George Washington's orders, with corn. This was for the sole use of the poor of the neighborhood, particularly the women and children, that they might be saved from want.

He also owned several fishing stations on the Potomac, at which excellent herring were caught, and which, when salted, were an important article of food for the poor.

For the good and help of his neighborhood, the master of Mount Vernon set aside one of these fishing stations on one of the best of his docks and furnished it with poles and nets and drying frames. Here the poor of the surrounding country might fish free, at any time. All they had to do was to ask the overseer. If a small boy made such a large haul that he had difficulty getting it to shore, by Washington's orders this young fisherman was given help with his net.

Everything about the farm was shipshape, and

He was writing, in the winter sunshine, a letter ~ ~ ~

the best tools to be had at that time were provided.

When you had finished your walk over the estate and returned to the Mansion-House Farm, you would have gone into the library of the house. You would have stepped softly, for an old gentleman with a powdered wig, wrapped in blankets, sat by the window. He was writing, in the winter sunshine, a letter to a man of whom he was very fond and in whom he placed a great deal of trust. This man was James Anderson, the superintendent of all the Mount Vernon farms.

Mr. Washington would surely have let you read the pages of his letter to his farmer, as he finished each and carefully dusted it with his sand sifter.

He had his heart full of the welfare of his animals out in the barns that winter, and he was writing instructions about what he wanted done to keep them comfortable. A part of the letter follows:

"The work horses and mules must always be in their stalls when it is cold, and the stalls littered and cleaned, and they are to be plenteously fed with cut straw and as much chopped grain, meal, and bran — with a little salt mixed therewith — as will keep them in good condition for work. See, also, that they are watered as often as they are fed. This concerns their winter food.

"For spring, summer, and autumn it is expected that feeding them on green food — first with rye and next with clover, with only a little grain — will enable them to perform their work.

"The stables and farm pens ought to be kept well bedded and the stalls very clean for the comfort of my animals. As straw cannot be afforded for the litters, leaves and weeds should be gathered for the stables, and leaves and cornstalks for the pens and the sheep runs. Let the cornstalks be cut down, by a few careful people, with sharp hoes, so low as never to be in the way of the scythes at harvest. And whenever the wheat will admit carts to run on it without injury, let the stalks be brought off and piled near my barns.

"In like manner let the people, with their blankets, go every evening to the nearest woods to fill them with leaves, bottoming the animals' beds with cornstalks and then covering them with thick leaves. This will save food and make the beasts lie warm and comfortable."

Next there was a neatly written page to Mr. Anderson about the "friendly cow." There was never a lack of rich milk and clotted cream on George Washington's farms, and this was because he was kind to his cattle.

"The oxen and other horned cattle," he wrote, "are to be housed from the first of November until the first of May, and they are to be fed as well as the means of the farm will permit. The oxen must always be kept in good condition in their stalls and the cows, as many of them as can find places, in the barns. The rest, with the other cattle, must be put in newly erected sheds, and all carefully watered every day. The ice, in freezing weather, must be broken for them so as to admit them to clean water."

So this kind old gentleman wrote on. The pigs must be well fed and kept clean. The farm tools must be oiled and polished. One field that had been overworked with several crops should be allowed to rest for a year. Some of the apple

trees and the berry bushes would need trimming later.

There was not a single instruction put down that a boy or girl could not understand and help in carrying out. The writing stopped at last, and the orders were sent to the farmer.

Mr. Washington leaned back among his blankets and looked out over the white fields of Mount Vernon. He was not thinking of the great Revolutionary War or the Declaration of Independence, or anything so difficult as these. He wanted to be sure that his barn friends were kept comfortable when he was not able to go out on his horse to inspect them.

— Carolyn Sherwin Bailey, *Abridged*

There are some things in this story well worth remembering and talking about. See how many interesting ideas you can bring before the class if you are asked to talk about one of the subjects given below or some other of your own choice.

A description of the farm of Mount Vernon in 1799

Washington's plans for the care of his animals

Washington's interest in trees

His plans for helping the poor

Mr. Washington's character

PLOW SONG

Ho, the plow! When the year is new
We furrow the good earth straight and true.
Straight and true as lines laid down,
The bright blade leaps through the soil so brown,
While adventuring birds swoop low behind
For the waiting food they are sure to find.

Ho, the plow! And the big gray mare
With a back as broad as an old arm chair;
Up and down, from the east to the west,
Steadily, readily, doing her best,
Till at length we glance at the setting sun
And see that the short spring day is done.

Ho, the plow! In the days ahead
These bare brown acres will give us bread!

Plowed and furrowed and sowed with grain,
Warmed by the sun and cooled with rain,
Day by day, till the tale is told
And the wheat is waving its crests of gold!

Ho, the plow! With the meadow-lark
Fluting his carol from dawn till dark!
With the scent of the earth, in my nostrils keen,
Of spring and the young leaves, fresh and green;
O fields, broad fields, you are barren now —
But I dream of the wheat as I follow the plow!

— Edith Osborne

WHY DOES A MATCH STRIKE?

A boy asked a wise man why a match strikes. The man said, "I will answer your question quickly. A match strikes because you make it warm by rubbing it.

"You have to rub it against something rough in order to produce a good deal of *friction*. The movement of the match is hindered by the rough thing you press it against. This is what we mean by friction. It is friction that makes the match hot. Rub the tip of your finger on your coat, and you will make it hot, too.

"The whole point about the match is that its head is made of a mixture of things to which nothing happens as long as it is kept ordinarily cool, but as soon as it is made hot enough it catches fire. Our problem, then, is to get a kind of mixture which will stay on a piece of wood, or some such thing, and which will get hot enough to catch fire by friction.

"About one hundred years ago the first friction match was made. Almost the best of these matches at first required much friction, for the match had to be drawn between pieces of sandpaper before it would catch fire. Then the curious substance called *phosphorus*, which means *light*

bearer, began to be used, and matches were made very like those we use now. The peculiarity of phosphorus is that it readily catches fire just as we want it to do. A number of other things are put into the match head also, about which you will learn later.

"However, there is a certain amount of danger in having anything which will catch fire so readily. If ordinary matches are carried loose in a pocket, they may get rubbed and catch fire. Therefore, it was a question whether there could not be made some kind of match which could be struck readily, but which we could be sure would strike only when we really meant it to do so.

"This kind of match was invented early in the nineteenth century and called a safety match. The point about safety matches is that there is no phosphorus on their heads. The phosphorus is on the outside of the box instead; therefore, this kind of match is almost certain not to catch fire except when it is purposely struck where the phosphorus is."

— Adapted from *The Book of Knowledge*

The lesson you have just read contains six paragraphs. Below are the six paragraph headings for the selection. See which paragraph each head-

ing fits. Then write the headings in the order in which they should come. You will then have a simple outline of the selection.

What friction is
How the safety match is made
Why a match strikes
Why another kind of match was needed
What the head of the match is made of
What phosphorus did for the friction match

HOW WORDS ARE FORMED

Many of the longer words that you meet in reading are formed from shorter words by adding a suffix. Ability to recognize the suffix and the shorter word as parts of the longer word will often help you to work out the meaning of a word. For example, *inventor* is formed by adding the suffix *or* to *invent*. In this way explain orally how each word in the list below is formed.

inventor	kingly	contentment
invention	kingdom	contented
childhood	enchanter	digestion
childish	enchanted	digestible
interesting	nourish	astonished
interested	nourishment	astonishment
thoughtful	appeared	calmly
thoughtless	appearance	calmness
comforting	attraction	brighten
comfortable	attractive	brightness

WHERE BIRDS SLEEP

Most birds sleep on their feet.

You know how a canary goes to sleep, all puffed out like a ball, with his head buried in the feathers of his shoulder. He may stick his bill over behind the top of the wing, but he never "puts his head under his wing," as you have heard.

Sometimes he stands straight up on one leg, with the other drawn up out of sight in his feathers, but more often he sits down on the perch, still resting on his feet. Most wild birds of the perching kind sleep in the same way.

It is only lately that we have begun to find out where birds sleep, because it is dark when they go to bed and they get up before it is light enough for us to see them.

The only way to catch them in bed is to go out in the evening and start them up after they have gone to sleep. And this is not very kind to the poor little birds. Some men who are trying to learn about the habits of birds have tried this way and so have found out some of their sleeping places.

One thing they have learned is that the nest is not often used for a bed, except for the mother while she is sitting and keeping her little ones warm.

Robins and orioles, and others, creep into the thick branches of an evergreen tree, close up to the trunk. Some crawl under the edge of a haystack, others into thick vines or thorny bushes. All these are meant for hiding places, so that beasts that prowl about at night, and like to eat birds, will not find them.

Tree sparrows like to sleep in holes in the ground like little caves. The men who found these cozy little bedrooms think they are places dug out by field mice, and other small animals, for their own use. And when they are left, the birds are glad to take them.

When the weather is cold, some birds sleep under the snow. You may think that would not be very warm, and it is not so warm as a bed in the house with plenty of blankets. But it is much warmer than a perch in the tree, with nothing to keep off the wind.

While the snow is falling, some birds find it as good as blankets for their use. Grouse, who live on the ground, dive into a snow bank and snuggle down quietly, while the snow falls and covers them all over and keeps the cold wind off. Air comes through the snow, so they do not smother.

Some birds creep into a pile of brush that is covered with snow, and find under the twigs little

places like tents, where the snow has been kept out by the twigs, and they sleep there, away from the wind and storm outside.

Water birds find the best sleeping places on the water, where they float all night like tiny boats. Some of them leave one foot hanging down and paddling a little while they sleep, to keep from being washed to the shore.

Bobwhite and his family sleep in a close circle on the ground, all with their heads turned outward, so that they can see or hear an enemy, whichever way he comes.

Hawks and eagles are said to sleep standing, never sitting on the feet like a canary. Some ducks and geese do even more: they sleep standing on one foot. Woodpeckers and chimney swifts hang themselves up by their claws, using their stiff tail for a brace, as if it were a third leg.

Some birds, like the crows, sleep in great flocks. They agree upon a piece of woods, and all the crows for miles around come there every night. Sometimes thousands of them sleep in this one bedroom, called a crow roost. Robins do the same after the young are big enough to fly so far.

Audubon, who has told us so much about birds, once found a hollow tree which was the sleeping room of chimney swifts. The noise they made

going out in the morning was like the roar of a great mill wheel.

He wanted to see the birds asleep. So in the daytime, when they were away, he had a piece cut out at the foot of the tree, big enough to let him in, and then put back, so the birds would not notice anything unusual.

At night, after the swifts were abed, he took a dark lantern and went in. He turned the light upon them little by little, so as not to startle them. Then he saw the whole inside of the tree full of birds. They were hanging by their claws, side by side, as thick as they could hang. He thought there were as many as twelve thousand in that one bedroom.

— Olive Thorne Miller.

Tell which is the right ending.

1. Most birds sleep
   - in their nests
   - resting on their feet
   - lying down
2. Robins and orioles sleep
   - in hidden places
   - where beasts can see them
   - on the water

3. Tree sparrows like to sleep
   - in holes in the ground
   - in bird cages
   - in the tops of trees

4. Grouse sometimes sleep
   - under the water
   - under snow
   - in very tall trees

5. Water birds like to sleep
   - on land
   - on water
   - in trees

6. Bobwhite and his family sleep
   - in a circle on the ground
   - in a square on the water
   - in a circle on the water

7. Hawks and eagles sleep
   - standing
   - sitting down
   - lying down

8. Woodpeckers and chimney swifts sleep
   - hanging up by their claws
   - standing on one foot
   - standing on both feet

I

Dame Brinker earned a scanty support for her family by raising vegetables, and by spinning and knitting. Once she had worked on board the big flatboats going up and down the canal. Occasionally she had been harnessed with other women to the towing ropes. But when Hans had grown large and strong, he insisted on doing all such drudgery in her place.

Nearly all the outdoor work, as well as the housework, was performed by Hans and Gretel. At certain seasons of the year the children went out day after day to gather peat, which they would stow away in square, brick-like pieces, for fuel. At other times, when home work permitted, Hans rode the towing horses on the canals, earning a few pennies a day. And Gretel tended geese for the neighboring farmers.

Hans was clever at wood carving, and both he and Gretel were good gardeners. Gretel could sing and sew and run on great, high, home-made stilts better than any other girl for miles around. She could learn a song in five minutes and find, in its season, any weed or flower you could name.

Hans was slow and steady. The harder the

Hans was clever at wood carving.

task, whether in study or in daily work, the better he liked it. Boys who sneered at him out of school on account of his patched clothes had to yield him the post of honor in nearly every class.

It was only in winter that Gretel and Hans could be spared to attend school. For the past month they had been kept at home because their mother needed their help. There was black bread to be made, the house to be kept clean, and stockings and other things to be knitted and sold. And the sick father required constant attention.

While Hans and Gretel were busily assisting their mother one cold December morning, a merry troop of girls and boys came skimming down the canal. There were fine skaters among them.

As the bright costumes flitted by, it looked from a distance as though the ice had suddenly thawed and some gay tulip bed were floating down the stream.

There was the rich Hilda van Gleck with her costly furs. Near by was pretty Annie Bouman, gayly attired in a coarse scarlet jacket and a blue skirt. Then there was the proud Rychie Korbes, whose father was one of the leading men of the city. There were nearly twenty other boys and girls in the party, and one and all seemed full of excitement and frolic.

Suddenly the whole party came to a standstill. Grouping themselves out of the way of the passers-by, all talked at once to a pretty little maiden, Katrinka Flack, who had just joined them.

"Oh, Katrinka!" they cried, in a breath, "have you heard? The race? We want you to enter it!"

"What race?" asked Katrinka, laughing. "Don't all talk at once, please. I can't understand."

Everyone panted and looked at Rychie Korbes, who was the acknowledged leader.

"Why," said Rychie, "we are to have a skating match on the twentieth. It is all Hilda's work. They are going to give wonderful prizes — a pair

of skates to the best skater among the girls and a pair to the best skater among the boys."

"Who is to try?" Katrinka asked.

"All of us," answered Rychie. "And you must, too, Katrinka. It will be such fun! But it is school time now; we will talk it over at noon. Oh! you will enter, of course!"

Katrinka, without replying, made a graceful turn and laughed out, "Don't you hear the last bell? Catch me!" Then she darted off toward the schoolhouse which stood half a mile away on the canal.

All started, but they tried in vain to catch the bright-eyed, laughing girl.

II

At noon our young friends poured forth from the schoolhouse to have an hour's practice upon the canal.

They had skated but a few moments when Carl saw Hans and Gretel coming on their old wooden skates. He said mockingly to Hilda, "There's a pretty pair just coming upon the ice! The little rag pickers! Their skates must have been a present from the king."

"They are patient children," said Hilda gently. "It must have been hard to learn to skate upon

such queer affairs. They are very poor people, you see. Perhaps the boy has made the skates himself."

Carl was somewhat ashamed and said, "Patient they may be, but, as for skating, they start off pretty well only to finish with a jerk."

Hilda left him, and sailed past every one of the group of racers. Then she halted beside Gretel who, with eager eyes, had been watching the sport.

"What is your name, little girl?" she asked.

"Gretel," answered the child, "and my brother is called Hans."

"I stopped to speak to you about the race," said Hilda. "Why do you not enter it? You both can skate well, and anyone may try for the prize."

Gretel looked at Hans, who, tugging at his cap, answered, "Even if we could enter, we could skate only a few strokes. Our skates are made of hard wood, you see," holding up the sole of his foot. "They soon become damp, and then they stick and trip us."

Gretel said timidly, "Oh, no, we can't enter, but may we be there on the great day to look on?"

"Certainly," answered Hilda, looking kindly into the two earnest faces and wishing from her

Perhaps the boy has made the skates himself ~ ~

heart that she had not spent so much of her spending money. She did not have enough left to buy even one pair of good skates.

Looking down at the two pairs of feet so very different in size, she asked, "Which of you is the better skater?"

"Gretel," replied Hans promptly.

"Hans," answered Gretel in the same breath.

Hilda smiled and said, "I cannot buy you both a pair of skates or even one of you a good pair, but here is all the money I have. Decide between you which stands the better chance of winning the race and buy the skates for that one. I wish I had enough money to buy better ones. Good-by!"

And, with a nod and a smile, Hilda, after handing the money to the surprised Hans, glided swiftly away to rejoin her companions.

Hans did not know what to do. He shouted to her in a loud tone, and stumbled after her as well as he could, for one of his skate strings was untied.

Hilda turned, with one hand raised to shield her eyes from the sun.

"We cannot take this money," panted Hans, "though we know your goodness in giving it."

"Why not, indeed?" asked Hilda.

"Because," replied Hans, "we have not earned it."

Hilda was quick-witted. She had noticed a pretty wooden chain upon Gretel's neck, and she said, "Carve me a chain, Hans, like the one your sister wears."

"That I will with all my heart," he said. "We have whitewood in the house, fine as ivory; you shall have a chain tomorrow," and Hans hastily tried again to return the money.

"No, no," said Hilda firmly. "That sum will be but a poor price for the chain." Then off she darted, outstripping the fleetest among the skaters.

Hans did not know what to do, but he felt that it was useless to say more.

"It is right," he muttered, half to himself, half

to Gretel. "I must work hard every minute and sit up half the night if Mother will let me burn a candle. But the chain shall be finished. We may keep the money, Gretel."

"What a good little girl!" cried Gretel. "Luck has come to us at last! Now, Hans, if Mother sends us to town tomorrow you can buy the skates in the market place."

Hans shook his head. "The young lady intended to give us the money to buy skates; but, if I *earn* it, Gretel, I can spend it as I please and it shall be spent for wool. You must have a warm jacket."

"Oh!" cried Gretel, "not buy the skates! Why, I am not often cold!"

"Oh, Hans," she continued with something like a sob, "don't say you won't buy the skates. It makes me feel just like crying."

Hans looked up hurriedly. He hated to see his sister's blue eyes overflowing.

"Now, mind," Gretel went on. "I won't like it if you give up the skates. *I* don't want them, but I want *you* to have them, and when I get bigger they will do for me."

"No, Gretel," he said. "I can wait. Some day I may have money enough saved to buy a fine pair. You shall have these."

Gretel's eyes sparkled; but she said rather faintly, "Hilda gave the money to you, Hans. It would be wrong to take it."

But finally the question was settled. Gretel was to have the new skates.

On the following day, Hans proudly watched his sister Gretel, with many a sweep flying in and out among the skaters who at sundown thronged the canal. A warm red jacket had been given her by the kind-hearted Hilda. As the little creature darted backward and forward, she felt that the shining runners beneath her feet had suddenly turned earth into fairyland.

"That little one in the red jacket skates well," exclaimed Peter to Carl. "She has toes on her heels and eyes in the back of her head. See her! It will be a joke if she gets in the race and beats Katrinka, after all."

"Hush! not so loud!" returned Carl rather sneeringly. "That little lady in rags is the special pet of Hilda. Those shining skates are her gift, if I am not mistaken."

"So! so!" exclaimed Peter, with a smile, for Hilda was his best friend. "She has been at her good work there, too!"

And, after cutting a double 8 on the ice, to say nothing of a huge P, and an H, Peter glided

onward until he found himself beside Hilda.

The two skated together, talking in a low tone. Strange to say, Peter soon decided that his little sister needed a wooden chain just like Hilda's.

Two days afterward, on St. Nicholas' Eve, Hans, having burned three candle ends and cut his thumb into the bargain, stood in the market place at Amsterdam, buying another pair of skates.

And on the day of the race Hans was the happiest boy in all Holland, for Gretel won the silver skates.

— Mary Mapes Dodge

In talking over this story with your classmates, bring out the parts that interest you. Whenever you wish to do so, read aloud lines to help you make your point clear. Perhaps you will read the scene you like best.

Prove that Hilda was kind and generous.

Tell what you like about Hans.

Did Carl do or say anything that you do not admire?

CHOOSE THE RIGHT WORD

Be ready to read aloud the following sentences, choosing from the lists below the proper word for each of the sentences. All these words are used in "The Silver Skates." See if you can decide which word to use in each case without looking at the *Little Dictionary* in the back of your book, but consult it if necessary.

peat	sneered	attired
scanty	towing	required
drudgery	frolic	performed

1. It was a difficult deed well ——.
2. When Cinderella was dressed for the ball, she was beautifully ——.
3. It —— five days to make the journey.
4. —— ropes are used to pull the canal boats.
5. The cruel man ——; the kind man smiled.
6. The house was heated by burning brick-like pieces of ——.
7. People who live on a few cents a day have only —— support.
8. Very hard, dull, constant work is ——.
9. The happy children began to —— and play merrily.

A PIONEER STORY OF BIRDS

Springtime in Utah would hardly be spring without the gulls. They come every year and flock upon the fields, lighting like doves around the farmer as he plows his land. Yet no hand is lifted against them. No child would think of throwing a stone at them. They are hailed as welcome guests; for long ago they saved the pioneers from famine.

The pioneers reached their journey's end late in the summer, too late to raise any food that year. They could not bring much across the plains. It was hard, indeed, to live through the winter; but they managed to struggle along and to save a little seed.

As soon as spring came, this precious seed was sown. The gardens and fields were soon growing well. The settlers were rejoicing in the hope of a good harvest.

Then came the black crickets — ugly insects, larger than the largest grasshopper — from the hills. "Army crickets" they were called, because instead of flying they marched. And they devoured every blade of grass or leaf in their way.

The pioneers grew alarmed and men, women, and children turned out to fight the pest. They

drove the insects into ditches to drown them. They piled rushes in the paths and, when these were filled with crickets, they set the rushes on fire. The people beat the crickets with willow whips; they drove herds of oxen back and forth to crush them. But all their efforts seemed in vain, for the black plague increased daily.

A terrible fear swept over the people. They were facing famine. To make matters worse, two thousand more emigrants were on their way West. They, too, were depending on this harvest.

In this distress, the pioneers fasted and prayed on an appointed day. Their faith was rewarded, for out of the Great Salt Lake came the gulls — thousands of them. What a screaming they made as they winged their way over the valley! Suddenly they settled down on the fields.

The settlers feared that the birds would complete the destruction of the crops. Their fear turned to joy, however, when they saw the gulls begin to devour the crickets. All day long the birds fed on the pests. Day after day they gorged themselves until the plague was destroyed.

The grain fields had been badly damaged, but enough of the crop was saved to keep the people from starving.

— Howard R. Driggs

Down the left-hand margin of a sheet of paper write the numbers from 1 through 4. Choose the right ending for each of the four incomplete statements given below and write each ending opposite the proper number. Each correct answer will score 25. Try to make a score of 100.

1. This event happened in
   - Utah
   - California
   - Lake Michigan
2. The pioneers had
   - plenty of seed
   - a little seed
   - no seed
3. Their plants were being destroyed
   - by sea gulls
   - by army crickets
   - by fire
4. Help was brought to them by
   - other emigrants
   - sea gulls
   - grasshoppers

A BEAUTY SPOT IN OLD HOLLAND

Far away in Holland lies the Isle of Marken. Its quaint dwellings and its quaint people make it one of the most picturesque spots in the world. The sight that awaits you as the boat approaches the shore is a delight to the eye and one which is never forgotten.

A group of children in gayly colored costumes are gathered to extend a welcome to the visitors. These are our little Dutch cousins. We have seen their pictures, and we have read about them in story books. The little girls have two long yellow curls hanging from each side of white lace caps, and they have stiffly cropped fringes of hair on their foreheads. They are holding on to the hands of their little brothers and sisters. The quaint babies — boys and girls — are dressed alike up to the age of seven. They wear full, long skirts and round, colored caps. It is difficult to tell which are the boys and which the girls. But if you look closely you will see a slight difference in the caps worn by the boys and the girls.

This is Sunday, and the men are resting after the week's hard work. They are sitting on their heels in solemn, silent circles, smoking their short

clay pipes and looking out upon the water. The Dutch fisherman is an interesting figure in his carved wooden shoes, his wide breeches, and his fur cap.

The people of Marken are poor. Their only way of making a living is by fishing. The men who sit solemn and still on Sunday are active and daring on the ocean waves. They spend most of their time in the spray of the salt sea, wading hip deep into the water to haul in their nets. They know the ocean well and they love it.

The women wear queer old dresses and lace caps with gold ornaments. They take great pride in showing visitors through the little old painted wooden houses with their bright tiles and shining brass. Inside of these charming homes everything is clean and neat, and you are tempted to linger.

But the patter of little wooden shoes on the street recalls you outdoors, where you are permitted to snap a picture of groups of children in their gayly colored costumes. Is it any wonder that painters, artists, and tourists flock each year to the Isle of Marken?

— Temple Manning

Down the left-hand margin of a sheet of paper write the numbers from 1 through 4. Choose the right ending for each of the four incomplete statements given below and write each ending opposite the proper number. Each correct answer will score 25. Try to make a score of 100.

1. The children of Holland wear
   - black clothes
   - brightly colored clothes
   - clothes made of fur
2. The men rest on Sunday and
   - talk all the time
   - laugh often
   - sit still and smoke
3. The men make a living by
   - mining
   - farming
   - fishing
4. The women take pride in their houses
   - of yellow brick
   - of painted wood
   - of brown stone

A paragraph usually tells about one thing or

gives a main idea. If you learn to tell what this main idea is, you will become a better reader and you will find it easier to study your other lessons.

The selection you have just read is divided into six paragraphs. The first paragraph is the *introduction* to the selection. The last paragraph is the closing paragraph, or the *conclusion*.

Copy the outline below and fill in the paragraph headings where they are not given. Refer to "A Beauty Spot in Old Holland" as often as you like.

1. Introduction
2. Children
3.
4.
5.
6. Conclusion

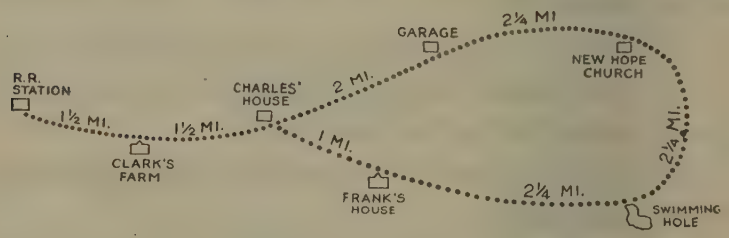
HOW WELL DO YOU REMEMBER?

How well are you remembering the main points of what you read now? Try to give the facts asked for below without referring to the sections. Write the answer opposite the number of each question.

1. Which of the three sons did the mother love best?
2. Name two subjects that Polly wrote about in her letter.
3. Tell of a generous act done by Betty Lou.
4. Tell how it happened that the miller asked Joe to work for him on Saturdays.
5. Give the steps in the process of soap making at the Howlands'.
6. Give one sentence that tells why a match strikes.
7. Mention two interesting facts you learned about George Washington as a farmer.
8. Give two interesting facts about birds' ways of sleeping.
9. What two people helped Gretel and Hans get their shining skates?
10. In which of our states are sea gulls hailed as welcome guests?
11. In what country is the Isle of Marken?

READING A MAP

Charles and Frank made a map showing distances between some of the places around their homes. See if you can read the distances between each of the two places mentioned. Write the numbers of the problems in a column on a slip of paper and the answer to each problem by its number.



I. Find the distance:

1. From Charles' house to R. R. Station.
2. From Frank's house to R. R. Station.
3. From Clark's farm to Swimming Hole.
4. From R. R. Station to Garage.
5. From R. R. Station to New Hope Church.

II. Find the shortest distance from Frank's house to New Hope Church; from Swimming Hole to Garage.

HANS THE OTHERWISE

I

A great many years ago the baron of the Land of Nod asked his three wise men two questions which none of them could answer. The baron offered great rewards for answers to his questions; but although all the wisest men in the world tried, no one succeeded. The questions remained unanswered so long that "to answer the baron of Nod" became a common saying among the people, meaning neither more nor less than to do the impossible.

The whole story had grown so old that it had been made over into a popular song, which shows that it must have been very old indeed. This was the song:

If you seek to find a fortune
  By your wit, do not delay;
To the Land of Nod betake you —
  If your wit can find the way.

There's a rosebush by the roadside,
  And two shrubs beside the stream,
With three little hills behind them,
  And a castle white as cream,

Where, if you can answer questions
At the hazard of your neck,
You will find both fame and fortune,
And have money by the peck!

Now it so happened that in the little village of Narrheit there lived a lad whose name nobody knew. The floods had left him in the rye field when he was but a baby, and his parents were past all finding out. Johann Barton, the woodman, found him, and took him home to grow up with the little Bartons. Johann's wife cut down her husband's old clothes to fit the little fellow; and Johann himself cut down his grown-up name from Johann to Hans to give to the youngster who had lost his own.

As the lad grew up, he was not at all like the small Bartons. Their noses all turned up like red buttons, and his turned down like a hawk's beak. While they were one and all as stumpy as their noses, he shot up like a young tree. And, too, while the little Bartons chattered all day long without ever saying a thing worth listening to, Hans, when not at work, sat still in the corner, thinking. When questioned about his thoughts by the meddlesome villagers, he always gave answers that left them even more puzzled than they were before.

This was something that the good, thick-headed people of Narrheit could not understand. So, believing themselves to be most wise, they called the lad "Hans the Otherwise," and thought him neither more nor less than a blockhead.

Hans cared little for that, and, bearing no grudge, went quietly about his business. He helped Johann with the work, saying little and thinking much.

At last, however, the bench beside the Bartons' table grew overcrowded. And one day, when Hans came home from the forest, there was not an inch left at his end.

"Why don't you sit down?" growled Johann.

"There is no room," faltered Hans, hanging his head.

"What! No room?" cried the father, counting upon his thick red fingers: "One, two, three, four — four on the bench and there is no room? Elsa, Elsa!" he called to his wife, who was frying the sausages out in the kitchen, "there are only four boys sitting down; yet there is no room for Hans the Otherwise."

"Then Hans the Otherwise must find room for himself somewhere else!" replied the shrill voice of the wife.

There was no help for it. Hans turned away

without a word and went from house to house through the village, seeking shelter. The butcher gave him to eat, the baker gave him to drink, and the candlestick maker gave him five farthings for good luck. But, "There is no room!" said all the rest and closed the door in his face — so that he came to the end of the village homeless and hopeless. And there the idlers mocked him as he leaned against the mile post by the way.

"Oho! Hans the Otherwise," cried one, "go think for a living!"

"Oho!" mockingly said another, "go set the river on fire with your silly answers that nobody understands!"

And "Oho! you simple fellow," sneered another, "go answer the baron of Nod and make your fortune!"

At this the crowd shouted with laughter, but Hans pulled his belt tighter about his faded coat. "Thank you for nothing," said he curtly. "I will take your advice. Answering questions is not so hard when one knows how; and a fool may know what the wise men have not found out. Perhaps I *can* answer the baron."

At this the loafers laughed so hard that the tears rolled down their cheeks. But Hans turned his back on the village and struck out bravely down

the highway. When he came to the crossroads, he buried his five farthings under the old oak there and set out in earnest on his journey.

II

He wandered over land and sea, through strange countries and among strange people; and it was a long, long while before he found the Land of Nod. When he did come to it at last, he did not know it at all. So many years had passed that the two little shrubs mentioned in the song had sprung up into a great forest. The trees stood so close together that the birds had to turn their mouths edgewise to sing. The rosebush had become a vast jungle of briers under which the road was lost to sight. And the three little hills had grown into huge mountains.

"Well," said Hans, as he drew a long breath, "I don't know where I am, but Get-There never sits down!" So he fell upon his hands and knees to follow the road under the rosebush.

He had crawled only a little way, however, when he was challenged by the guard.

"Here, my fine fellow," cried the captain, "where are you going so fast?"

Hans rubbed his knees. "You don't call this fast, do you?" he asked.

"Well, so slow, then," bellowed the captain. "Where are you going?"

"I wish I knew," replied Hans.

"Oh, pshaw! let him go," cried one. "He is a fool."

"Not so," said another. "Not so; for any fool would know where he is going. Where do you come from?"

"From Narrheit," said Hans.

"What did I tell you?" cried the first. "He *is* a fool, for they are all fools at Narrheit."

"Well, then!" exclaimed the captain, "he certainly is a wise man for coming away! But we must take him to the baron."

"What baron?" asked Hans.

"Why, the baron of the Land of Nod, of course," cried the captain. "Don't you know where you are?"

"No," Hans answered meekly.

"I told you he is a fool," cried one of the men. "But he will prove how great a fool he is when the baron asks him a question."

"Well," said the captain, "we must take him to the baron, or we are all dead men."

So they took him to the castle and up dark stone stairways into the great hall, where the dust lay on the floor as thick as a carpet. Down in one

corner the three wise men sat, hunting in wise books for an answer to the baron's last question. The walls were chalked so full of arithmetic problems that it made Hans's head ache to look at them. Perched high upon his mildewed throne, the baron frowned down with dust an inch deep on his bristling brows.

"Gr-r-r!" he growled at the three wise men, impatiently pulling his musty mustaches. "Have you found those answers yet?"

"Oh, Your Grace," gasped the first wise man, as he fell on his knees, "I could have found the answers if — if —"

"And I," stammered the second, "but — but —"

"And I," faltered the third, "almost had the answers, and — and —"

The baron gritted his teeth. "I am tired of your 'ifs,' your 'buts,' and your 'ands'!" he roared in a fury. "If you don't answer those questions by supper time, I will — I will —"

Indeed, there is no telling what he might not have done, if he had not just then spied Hans. "Hello!" he cried. "What is this? Another wise man? Gr-r-r! What do *you* know, sir?"

"I know that I am not a wise man," replied Hans calmly.

The baron stared, surprised. "Well!" he exclaimed. "That is more, to begin with, than any of the others know! But can you answer questions?"

Hans rubbed his head. "I cannot say that I cannot," said he.

"Why not?" demanded the baron, astonished.

"Why, because," replied Hans, "if I say that I *cannot* answer a question, it will prove that I *can*, for then I shall have answered the one you have just asked me."

"That is so," said the baron; "I had not thought of that. Perhaps I had better ask a question and see."

Hans bowed, and the baron began.

III

"Where can I find a buried treasure?" he asked.

For a moment Hans stood dumfounded. Then he suddenly remembered his five farthings. "Oh, that is easy enough," said he. "Just dig under the old oak tree at the crossroads."

Two regiments of soldiers and five huge wagons were sent galloping away in mad haste to the spot. In a short time they returned with the five farthings — one in each wagon.

"Thunder and lightning!" sputtered the baron,

when he saw the five poor little rusty farthings. "Throw the rascal into prison!"

"Oh, come; that isn't fair!" cried Hans indignantly. "Did they not find the treasure buried just where I said they would?"

"Oh, y-y-e-s," stuttered the baron; "b-b-u-t it is such a small treasure!"

"To be sure," said Hans frankly, "it is small. But you did not ask how large it was; you asked only where it was buried."

"That is so," acknowledged the baron. "I had not thought of that; you are a shrewd one. It is just my luck!" he went on disgustedly. "I might as well have asked for a large treasure as not, while we were at it."

"Well," he went on, "you have answered my question, and I am neither the wiser nor the wealthier for being answered. But I am a man of my word, and you shall have a heaping peck of gold. But as for these wise men," he stormed, seeking an outlet for his rage somewhere, "I shall discharge them and give their back pay all to you, together with their positions."

Then the three wise men were furious. It was bad enough to lose a good job in hard times, let alone losing their back pay, too.

So they plotted together against Hans, saying

to the baron, "If this fellow is wiser than we are, sire, he can, no doubt, answer all questions we can ask him."

"To be sure," nodded the baron.

"And if he cannot," said they slowly, "he is not so wise as we are, and you ought not to keep him in our positions."

"That is true," said the baron; "I had not thought of that. Perhaps you had better ask him a question apiece — that would be a fair test."

Then the three wise men took counsel together. "Now," said the first, "if we succeed in sending this fellow away, the first thing the baron will ask, after he is gone, will be where to find another and a larger buried treasure. I know the baron!"

"And then — pop! — off will go our heads!" groaned the second.

"Oh, dear, that will never do!" cried the third. "We cannot be wise men without our heads! We must ask him how to find a buried treasure."

"What good will that do?" asked the first. "If he does tell us, it will be answering our question, so we shall all lose our places."

"And if he does not tell us," continued the second, "we shall keep our places — but we shall not know how to find a buried treasure when he is gone."

"Oh, dear me!" cried the wise man.

"Come, come," called the baron, growing impatient; "hurry up with your questions!"

So the first turned to Hans, and asked, "Can you find a buried treasure whenever you wish?"

"Yes," said Hans.

"How?" asked the wise man.

"Hold on," cried Hans, "you can't have two questions!" And the wise man sat down, biting his lips.

Then the second advanced and asked, "How can you find a buried treasure whenever you wish?"

"By not wishing to find one," said Hans, "until I know where one is to be found."

"Oh, dear me!" cried the wise man. "That is no answer!"

"Indeed," said the baron, "I think it is a very sensible one. It would have saved me great disappointment if I had followed the plan at first."

They had just one more chance left. So the three put their heads together to find a question from which there could be no possible escape. And then the third arose, with a look of triumph, and asked, "How did you know that a treasure was buried under the oak at the crossroads?"

"Why," Hans replied, laughing merrily, "I knew that a treasure was buried under the oak because I buried it there myself."

The baron threw himself back with a roar of laughter, for he dearly loved a joke — when it was on someone else. "Good!" he shouted. "Good enough! You are witty indeed. If you want to find a buried treasure, go bury it yourself! Ho, ho, ho! Why, you have outwitted the wits at their own game!" he cried in high glee. "I couldn't have done it any better myself!" which was a great deal for a baron to admit. And then he said to Hans, "Whatever you wish, sir, speak, and it shall be yours."

"Please let me go back to Narrheit," cried Hans quickly. "I should rather be a fool in peace than a wise man in peril."

Then the baron gave Hans a sack of gold and

sent him back to Narrheit in his own coach.

"Now, Johann Barton," said Hans, as he stood in the door, "I have come back to stay."

"But there is no room!" cried Johann.

Hans threw his bag of gold on the floor. "Don't say there is no room," laughed he. "Just make the bench a little longer!"

And that is a saying in Narrheit to this day.

— John Bennett, *Abridged*

Be prepared to read aloud lines that prove whether Hans was wise or "otherwise."

Read aloud the part that amused you most.

If you would like to dramatize this story, reread it silently to help decide, in a class discussion, the number of scenes, a name for each scene, the number of characters required for each scene, and which pupil is to take the part of each character.

A VISIT TO JAPAN

The Arabian, who had taken us to see several foreign countries, was now about to take us to Japan. He bowed to us in a different way from ours, and then he unfolded his magic carpet. It was the most beautiful carpet we had ever seen and had many lovely patterns on it. He told us it had been made long ago in Persia. I do not wonder that it was able to take us to all kinds of places. Even when we looked at it, it seemed to move, as if it were anxious to be off.

The Arabian made us all sit down on the carpet with our faces toward Japan. Then he told us Japan is very far away, so far that even with a magic carpet it would take half an hour to get there. He said we had better shut our eyes or we

might be frightened. Then he muttered something to himself in a strange language, and we were off.

What a long time we had to keep our eyes shut! Tom, who is very thoughtless, once opened his eyes and nearly fell off the carpet. But he caught hold of my arm, and that saved him. Tom told us afterward that we were miles high and going over an ocean and that he could see nothing but water all around.

The half hour was passed at last, and we stopped with hardly a jerk. Then we opened our eyes, and there we were in Japan. There is one thing I do not understand. When we left home it was morning, but in Japan it was late afternoon. They tell me in school that this is quite right, but I do not understand it yet. Perhaps I may some day.

We saw many things I should like to tell you about, for Japan is so different from our own country. When we opened our eyes, we were inside a house. We looked about for chairs to sit on, but there were none. But the floor was covered with soft mats, for in Japan everyone sits on the floor. It was so clean that we took off our shoes before we began to walk about.

When we wished to look out, we saw that there

were no glass windows like ours. In the walls we found long sliding panels covered with paper, and, when we slid these along, we could have stepped into the street.

Many people were going about in the street, and they had on beautiful clothes, not at all like ours. They were of many different colors, and all the women wore broad pretty sashes.

The street had no pavement, and, as it was not very clean, all those who were walking had on high clogs, just like little stools. I am sure we could not have walked about on them.

Some people were riding instead of walking. They had very queer carriages, like baby carriages, only larger. Each carriage was pulled by a man who wore an enormous flat straw hat and he ran along very fast. The carriages are called *rickshaws*.

The people were very small. An American on the street looked like a giant beside them. The Japanese do not have white skin and rosy cheeks like ours; their skin is quite yellow. And their eyes are different from ours too, not round, but slanting. They are called almond eyes, because they are shaped like almonds.

Soon we went out on the street. It was still very sunny and nearly all the people, even the

men, were carrying paper sunshades. Everything looked so bright and gay that we thought we were at a fair. We saw many trees, mostly cherry trees, covered with masses of pink and white blossoms.

High up in the distance we saw what looked like a strange white cloud, or like a fan with its point sticking up in the air. Our Arabian, who seemed to know everything, told us it was the top of a famous mountain with a difficult name. It is called Fujiyama. Its top, covered with snow, can be seen for a great many miles. We saw in one of the shops, which are open to the street, some Japanese pictures, and every one of them had Fujiyama in it.

Nearly all the houses and shops were built of wood and bamboo and looked as if the least touch would knock them down. That made us feel more than ever that we were at a fair. There are many earthquakes in Japan. Then the earth rocks and swings like the sea, so it is useless to build houses like ours. If such houses were knocked down, it would cost a great deal of money to build them again.

Outside all the shops were blue banners, with marks on them which we could not understand. We learned that these banners are the sign boards the Japanese use. The marks are the writing.

Instead of writing across the page as we do, the people write up and down. Their books seemed strange to us, too. A Japanese who is reading a book begins at the back, where we would think he ought to end. Learning to read and write must be very difficult for Japanese children.

We went to a school in which there were the loveliest little children you ever saw, so quiet and polite, and all very happy. They were having a writing lesson, but they had no pencils or pens; they wrote with a brush! How would you like that?

Every child in Japan seems happy. It is such a pretty country to live in, and no one is cross with the children or treats them unkindly. The Japanese are very fond of children, and Japan is called "the children's paradise."

Now it was getting dark, and all the streets were being lighted. What do you think they were lighted with? Chinese lanterns! The streets looked like fairyland to us.

We were getting tired now, and the Arabian led us back to the house in which we landed. Here a pretty Japanese maid brought us food on a curious tray which was very beautiful. But there were no knives or forks, only little ivory chopsticks, so we had a poor meal. If you try to

But there were no knives or forks.

pick up rice or fish with two knitting needles, you will understand the trouble we had.

The Arabian was getting restless, so once more we got on the wonderful carpet. I think we all fell asleep, for, when we opened our eyes, there we were in our own garden, and Mother was coming to tell us it was dinner time.

— George S. Dickson

Before some children read this story they wondered if they would find in it certain facts they wished to know about Japan. The questions on the next page are the ones they wished answered. See if you remember what you read well enough to tell which questions were answered. Make two columns. In one of them list the numbers of

all the questions which are answered in the lesson. In a second column list the numbers of the questions that are not answered.

1. Do Japanese children go to school?
2. What kind of beds do the Japanese have?
3. What kind of chairs do they use?
4. Are there any mountains in Japan?
5. What kind of money do the Japanese use?
6. What are the houses made of?
7. Are the streets lighted?
8. Do the Japanese eat with knives and forks?

AN EARLY BIRD

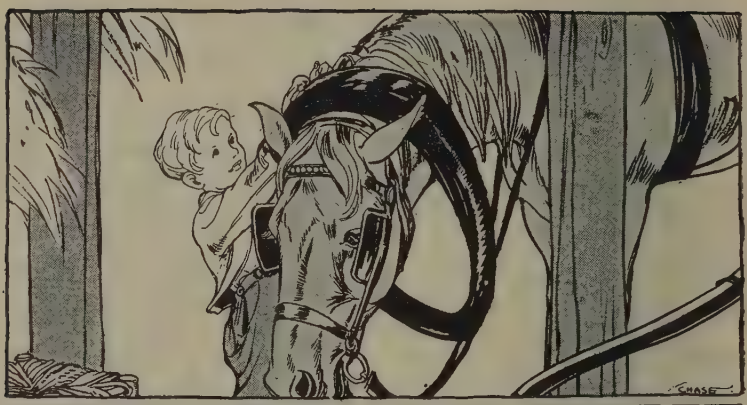
I

Diamond got up in the morning as soon as he heard the men moving in the yard. He tucked in his little brother so that he could not tumble out of bed, and went out. Then he left the door open so that if the baby should cry his mother might hear him at once. When he got into the yard, he found the stable door just opened.

"I am the early bird, I think," he said to himself. "I hope I shall catch the worm."

He would not ask anyone to help him, fearing his plan might meet with opposition. With great difficulty, but with the help of a broken chair he brought down from his bedroom, he managed to put the harness on old Diamond. If the horse had had the least objection to this, of course the boy could not have done it. But even when it came to the bridle, the horse opened his mouth for the bit as if he had been taking the apple which Diamond sometimes gave him.

Diamond fastened the check strap very carefully, in the usual hole, for fear of choking his friend or of letting the bit get between his teeth. It was a job to get the saddle on; but with the chair he managed it. If old Diamond had had an



He held his head very low ~

education equal to that of the camel, he would have knelt down to let the boy put the saddle on his back, but that was more than could be expected of him. Then little Diamond had to creep quite under him to get hold of the girth.

The collar was almost the hardest part, but there old Diamond could help. He held his head very low until his little master put the collar over and turned it around. Then he lifted his head and shook the collar on to his shoulders. The yoke was rather difficult; but when little Diamond had laid the traces over the horse's neck, the weight was not too much for him. He got everything right at last, and led old Diamond out of the stable.

By this time there were several of the men

watching the lad, but they would not interfere, for they were curious to see how he would get over the various difficulties. They followed him as far as the stable door, and there stood watching him again as he put old Diamond between the shafts, got them up — one after the other — into the loops, and finished harnessing the horse.

Then little Diamond got his whip. The moment he mounted the box, the men broke into a hearty cheer of delight at his success. But they would not let him go without carefully examining the harness. Although they found it right, for not a buckle had to be shifted, they did not allow him to do it for himself again all the time his father was ill.

The cheer brought his mother to the window, and there she saw her little boy setting out alone with the cab in the gray of the morning. She tugged at the window, but it was stiff. Before she could open it, little Diamond, who was in a great hurry, was out of the stable and almost out of the street. She called, "Diamond! Diamond!" but there was no answer except from Jack.

"Never fear for him," said Jack. "A boy of little Diamond's size that can harness a horse as large as old Diamond will fall on his feet if he does upset the cab."

"But he won't upset the cab, will he, Jack?"

"He's as little likely to do it as the oldest man in the stable," Jack replied. "How is the master today?"

"A good deal better, thank you," the mistress answered, closing the window for fear her husband should grow anxious over little Diamond's expedition. He knew, however, what his boy was capable of and, although somewhat uneasy, he was less anxious than the mother. But as the evening drew on, the anxiety of both of them increased. Every sound of wheels made the father raise himself in his bed and the mother peep out of the window.

II

Diamond had resolved to go straight to the cab-stand where he was best known. Before he got across Oxford Street, however, he was hailed by a man who wanted to catch a train and was in too great a hurry to think about the driver. Having carried this passenger to the station in time and received good pay in return, Diamond set off again in great spirits and reached the stand in safety. He was the first one there after all.

As the men arrived, they all greeted him kindly and inquired about his father.

"Aren't you afraid that the old horse will run away with you?" asked one.

"No, he wouldn't run away with me," answered Diamond. "He knows I'm getting the shillings for Father. Or if he did run away, he would only run home."

"Well, you are a plucky one," said the man, "and I wish you luck."

"Thank you, sir," said Diamond. "I'll do what I can. I came to the old place, you see, because I knew you would let me have my turn here."

In the course of the day one man who was a stranger did try to cut him out of a place. The shout the rest of the men raised let the man see it would not do, and made him so ashamed that he slunk away.

Once a policeman came up to Diamond and asked him for his cab number. Diamond showed him his father's badge, saying with a smile, "Father is ill at home, and so I came out with the cab. Do not fear for me; I can drive. Besides the old horse could go alone."

"Just as well, I dare say. You two are a pair. But I don't know that I ought to let you drive," said the policeman.

"It is not my fault I am no bigger," said Diamond. "I am big enough for my age."

"That is where the trouble lies," said the man. "You are not strong enough."

"How do you know that?" asked Diamond, with his usual smile, and turning his head like a little bird.

"Why, how are you to get out of this jam when it begins to move?" the policeman asked.

"Get up on the box," said Diamond, "and I'll show you. There, that van is moving now. Jump up."

The policeman did as Diamond told him and was soon satisfied that the little fellow could drive.

"Well," he said, as he got down again, "I don't know that I should be right to interfere. Good luck to you, my little man!"

"Thank you, sir," said Diamond, and drove away.

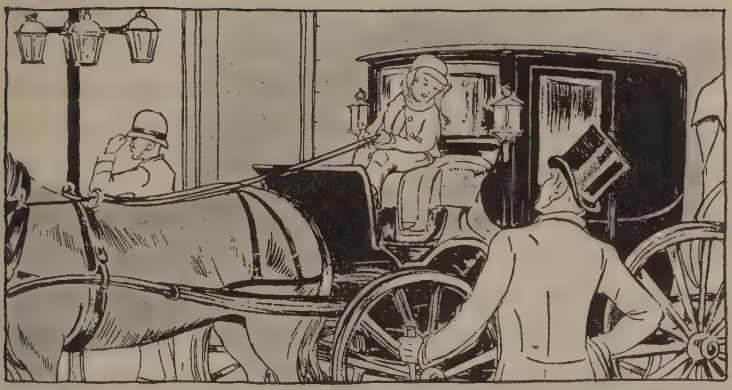
In a few minutes a gentleman hailed him.

"Are you the driver of this cab?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," said Diamond, showing his badge, of which he was proud.

"You are the youngest cabman I ever saw. How am I to know you will not break all my bones?"

"I would rather break all my own," replied Diamond. "But if you are afraid, never mind me. I shall soon get another passenger."



"Are you the driver of this cab?"

"I shall risk it," said the gentleman; and, opening the door himself, he jumped in.

When the trip was ended, the man said, "What is your fare, young man?"

"Well, I think the distance is more than three miles — and it is two shillings for three miles," Diamond replied.

"You are a bright boy," said the man. "But I think you are wrong. It is over four miles — not much, but it is."

"Then that's a half crown," said Diamond.

"Well, here are three shillings. Will that do?"

"Thank you kindly, sir," Diamond replied politely. "I shall tell my father how good you were to me — first to put me right about the dis-

tance and then to give me sixpence over. It will help Father to get well again, it will."

"I hope it may, my son," the gentleman said. "I should not wonder if you are as good as you look, after all."

III

When Diamond returned, he drew up at a stand at which he had never been before. It was time to give old Diamond his bag of chopped beans and oats. The men gathered about him and began to tease him. He took it all good-humoredly, until one of them, an ill-natured fellow, tried to tease old Diamond by poking him roughly in the ribs and making general fun of him. That the boy could not bear, and the tears came into his eyes. He unfastened the nose bag, put it in the cab, and started to mount and drive away.

The ugly fellow interfered and would not let him get up on the seat. Diamond, in a polite way, tried to persuade the man to let him go, but the ill-natured fellow would have his fun out of the lad, he said. In a few minutes a group of idle boys had gathered, and Diamond found himself in a very uncomfortable position. Another cab drew up at the stand, and the driver got off and approached the crowd.

"What is the matter here?" he asked. Diamond knew the voice. It was that of one of his father's friends.

"Do you see this young oyster? He pretends to drive a cab," said his tormentor.

"Yes, I do see him," the cabman said. "And I see you, too. You had better leave him alone. He isn't an oyster; he is an angel come down on his own business. You had better be off, or I'll be nearer you than would be quite agreeable."

The speaker was a tall, stout man, who did not look like one to be disobeyed.

"Oh! if he is a friend of yours —," said the other, drawing back.

Diamond got out the nose bag again. Old Diamond could have his feed now.

"Yes, he is a friend of mine," the cabman went on, "one of the best I ever had. It is a pity he is not a friend of yours. You would be better for it."

When Diamond went home at night, he carried with him one pound, one shilling, and sixpence, besides a few pennies extra.

His mother had become very anxious indeed — so much so that she was almost afraid, when she did hear the sound of his cab, to go to the window. But there was the old horse, and there was the

cab all right, and there was Diamond on the box, his pale face looking as bright as a full moon.

When he drew up at the stable door, Jack came out. After a good many friendly questions and congratulations, he said, "You go in to your mother, Diamond. I'll put up the old horse; I'll take care of him. He deserves good attention."

"Thank you, Jack," said Diamond. Then he bounded into the house and into the arms of his mother, who was awaiting him at the top of the stairs.

The anxious woman led the lad into his own room. There she sat down on his bed, took him on her lap as if he had been a baby, and cried.

"How is Father?" asked Diamond.

"Better, my child," she answered, "but uneasy about you, my dear."

"Didn't you tell him I was the early bird gone out to catch the worm?" Diamond asked.

"And here is the worm," he quietly went on, as he took his money from his pocket.

You should have seen his mother's face as he poured the shillings and sixpences and pennies into her lap! She burst out crying a second time and ran with the money to her husband.

How pleased he was! It did him no end of good. While he was counting the coins, Diamond turned

to the baby, who was lying awake in his cradle. He took the child up, saying, "Baby, baby! I have not seen you for a whole year."

Then he began to sing to the child as usual. And what he sang was nonsense, for he was too happy to sing sense.

— George MacDonald

Talk about this story in class and tell the parts you like best.

Prove by reading aloud lines from the story that Diamond

knew how to overcome difficulties
had a cheery disposition
was honest
was a good son
was a good brother

Tell which word describes how Diamond felt:

1. when he succeeded in harnessing his horse

angry proud ashamed cross

2. when he gave his mother the money he had earned

happy angry uneasy frightened

PLACING WORDS UNDER PROPER HEADINGS

Food	Clothing	Parts of a House	Money	Animals

The words listed below name five classes of things: food, clothing, parts of a house, money, and animals. Make a chart as shown above and write each word under its proper heading.

rice	cricket	panels	kale
floor	sashes	smock	helmet
attic	cellar	pillar	rafter
clothes	clogs	raccoon	spinach
walls	celery	lizard	shilling
cherry	farthing	penny	antelope
windows	dainties	pantry	half crown
hominy	sixpence	provisions	partridge
coat of mail	alligator	sunbonnet	quilted hoods

READING PROBLEMS QUICKLY

See how quickly you can give the right answer to the problems below. Write the number of the problem on a slip of paper and its answer by the number.

1. Sam earned $4.50 helping his father. He bought a tennis racket for $2.50 and tennis balls for $1.00. How much money did he have left?

2. You hand your father a two-dollar bill and say, "Please give me change for this bill. I wish 10 dimes and 20 nickels." Is your two-dollar bill worth that much change?

3. Mary had $2.50 to spend for her party. She wished to spend 60 cents for pound cake, $1.40 for ice cream, and 45 cents for mints. Did she have money enough to buy these things?

4. James was on a railway train going from New York to Chicago. He saw a sign on a station which said: "675 miles to New York, 233 miles to Chicago." How many miles nearer to Chicago was he than to New York?

5. If Mrs. Brown has $2\frac{1}{2}$ pounds of candy, to how many children can she give a $\frac{1}{2}$ pound each?

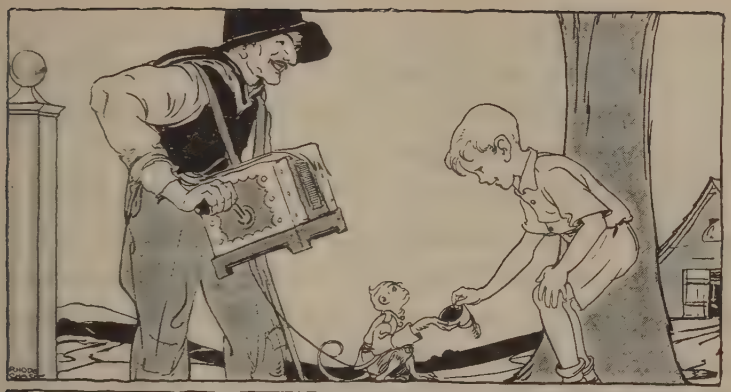
6. Mary bought 10 pounds of sugar at 6 cents a pound, and gave the clerk a two-dollar bill. How much change did she receive?

THE ORGAN MAN

The rain was nearly over. Its pleasant murmur was changing to a drip, drip, drip. Joe leaned against the window, watching the young ducks splash through the new puddles, raising their yellow, webbed feet high each time. Above their queer clacking and the pit-pat of the rain Joe heard a new sound — different from the usual country sounds — the grinding music of a little hand organ.

Joe leaned out and looked down the road. There he saw what to him was a most wonderful sight — a man, brown and stooped, with a slouch hat, a yellow shirt, and trousers that were baggy and old. Around his neck hung a little hand organ. He was grinding slowly, and the notes trickled out — a thin, sweet stream of music. Joe looked closer and saw on the man's shoulder a wee brown monkey with a yellow cap above her sad wrinkled face.

The two stopped below the window. The music took a lively turn, and the monkey, bowing to Joe, began a little twinkling dance. Joe laughed and clapped his hands and ran outside. The monkey ran up to him and held out her small cap. Joe dropped some pennies in it. Then the little beggar ran back with them to her master



Joe dropped some pennies in it.

who thanked Joe with a flashing smile. Then he asked, "Is your father here?"

"He is at the barn," said Joe. "Come. I will take you down there."

The monkey rapidly climbed to her master's shoulder and sat there. Soon they came to the barn. While his father talked to the man, Joe coaxed the monkey into the barn and fed her some peanuts he had found in his pocket. The earnest little face looked very old, but the wiry little legs scrambled up the ladder to the loft as quick as a wink. Joe shouted with laughter when the monkey looped her tail over a rafter and solemnly swung back and forth in mid-air.

When his father called him, Joe went outside, followed by the monkey. Then, to Joe's great delight, he found out that Charlie and his little

Mimi were going to stay with them. It seemed entirely too good to be true that they were going to stay all summer. Joe turned handsprings all the way to the house.

They grew to be great friends, Joe and Charlie and Mimi. On moonlit nights Joe would sit on the back steps, with Charlie smoking beside him and Mimi prancing around his feet. There had always been hired men on the farm, but never one like Charlie. He could sing old songs and tell gay tales of the days when he was a young lad.

Joe had circuses, with Mimi as the star performer, to which all the children in the neighborhood came. Even Mother would come and laugh until tears stood in her eyes at the solemn antics of Mimi.

Joe made a trapeze and taught the monkey to perform on it. Charlie let Joe use the organ for Mimi's little dances. When the show was over, Mimi would go among the audience, passing the yellow cap. Pennies rattled in freely, and peanuts were fed to Mimi in such numbers that she was sometimes sick. The pennies were all given to Charlie, who was saving money for his old mother.

Joe dreaded the day when the harvest season would be over and Charlie would leave the farm.

He would miss Charlie; no other hired man could ever take his place. And Mimi? What would he do without Mimi? But the day came at last, and all the family went to the train with Charlie and Mimi.

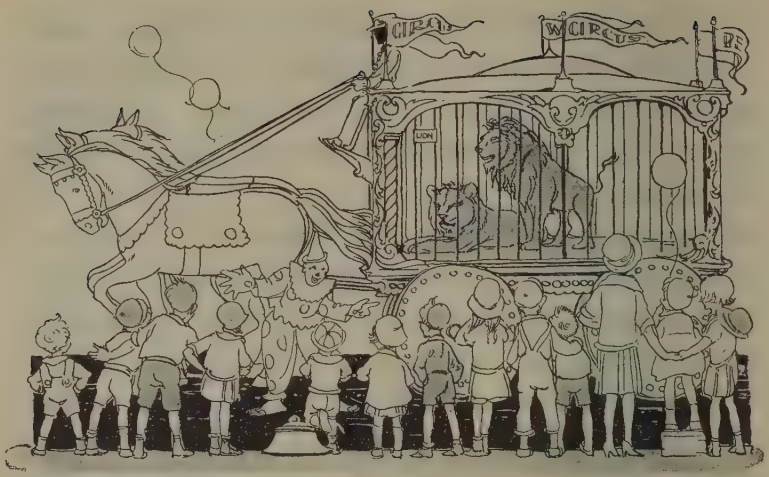
The conductor called, "All aboard!" and then he saw Mimi sitting on Charlie's shoulder. "Look here," he said, "that monkey can't get on the day coach with you. The baggage car is her place."

Surprise and sorrow filled Charlie's face. Then he looked down at Joe, standing there with his sad look. He put Mimi into his arms. "You keep Mimi!" he said gently. "She loves you just as well as she loves me."

Then, with a farewell wave and smile, Charlie was gone, and Joe, with joy in his heart, started home with Mimi hunched contentedly on his shoulder.

— Frances F. Wright

This story has some very interesting and amusing word pictures. Choose a paragraph to illustrate, being careful not to choose one that the artist has illustrated. Later you will have an opportunity to show the picture to your classmates and let them decide which paragraph you illustrated.



THE CIRCUS PARADE

Tomorrow, tomorrow's the circus parade!
Just think what I shall see!
What crowds of people in gay colored clothes
All lined up the street there will be.

And some of the children will have red balloons,
As up by the curbing they stand,
Then off in the distance we'll suddenly hear
The circus's big brass band!

Behind the crash bang! of the music they play,
Come riders in red velvet gowns,
And after them doing the funniest things,
A silly procession of clowns.

Then lions and tigers that pace up and down,
In wagons all painted with gold,
And monkeys a-playing just all kinds of tricks,
As they grimace and chatter and scold.

O, next there come camels and elephants, too,
With men on their backs astride,
And queer little ponies, no bigger than dogs,
And a donkey perhaps beside!

And then come chariots rumbling by
With horses all four in a row;
And the wheezing, old, piping calliope is
The very tail end of the show.

— Olive Beaupré Miller

GEMILA, THE CHILD OF THE DESERT

1. It is almost sunset; and Abdel Hassan has come out to the door of his tent to enjoy the breeze, which is growing cooler after the day's terrible heat. The round, red sun hangs low over the sand; it will be gone in five minutes more. The tent door is turned away from the sun, and Abdel Hassan sees only the rosy glow of its light on the hills in the distance. He sits very still, and his earnest eyes are fixed on those distant hills. He does not move or speak when the tent door is again pushed aside and his two children, Alee and Gemila, come out with their little mats and seat themselves also on the sand.

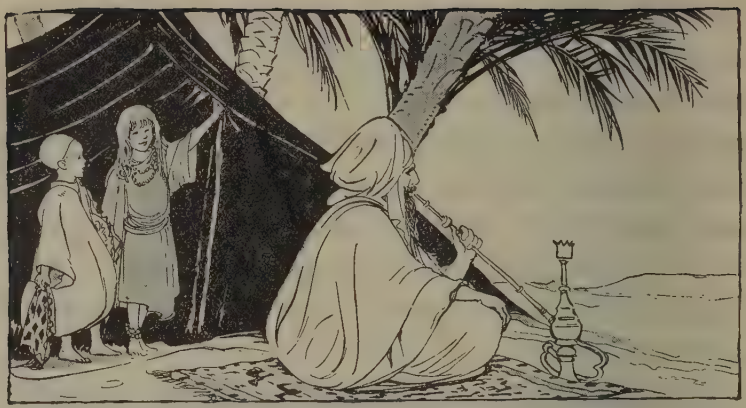
2. How glad they are of the long, cool shadows at evening and the tall, feathery palms! How pleasant to hear the camels drink, and to drink themselves, at the deep well when they have carried some fresh water in a cup to their silent father! He only sends up blue circles of smoke from his long pipe as he sits there, cross-legged, on a mat of rich carpet. He never sat in a chair and, indeed, never saw one in his life. His chairs are mats; and his house is, as you have heard, a tent.

3. Do you know what a tent is? I always liked tents and thought I should enjoy living in one.

And when I was a little girl, on many a stormy day when we could not go to school, I played with my sisters at living in tents. We would take a small clotheshorse and tip it down upon its sides, half open; then, covering it with shawls, we crept in and were happy enough for the rest of the afternoon. I tell you this in order that you also may "play tent" some day, if you have not already done so.

4. The tent of Gemila's father is, however, quite different from ours. Two or three long poles hold it up, and over them hangs a cloth made of goats' hair, or sometimes sheepskins, which is thick enough to keep out either heat or cold. The ends of the cloth are fastened down by pegs driven into the sand, or a strong wind might blow the tent away. The flap of the tent cloth is pushed back to make the door.

5. Inside, a white cloth stretched across divides this strange house into two rooms; one is for the men, the other for the women and children. In the tent there is no furniture like ours; nothing but mats and low cushions called divans; not even a table from which to eat, nor a bed to sleep upon. But the mats and shawls are very gorgeous and costly, and we are very proud when we can buy any like them for our parlors. And, by the way,



How glad they are of the long cool shadows –

I must tell you that these people have been asleep in the tent all through the heat of day — all the time you would have been coming home from school, eating your dinner, and going back to school again. They closed the tent door to keep out the terrible blaze of the sun, stretched themselves on the mats, and slept until just now, when the night wind began to blow.

6. Now the family can sit outside the tent and enjoy the evening. The mother brings out dates and little hard cakes of bread, with plenty of butter made from goats' milk. The tall, dark servant woman, with loose blue cotton dress and bare feet, milks a camel, and they all take their supper, or

dinner, perhaps I had better call it. They have no plates, nor do they sit together to eat. The father eats by himself. When he has finished, the mother and children take the dates and bread which he leaves. We could teach them better manners, we think. But they could teach us to be kinder to strangers than we are and more polite.

7. The stars have come out, and from the great arch of the sky they look down on the broad sands, the lonely rocks, the palm trees, and the tents. Oh, they are so bright, so steady, and so silent, in that lonely place, where no noise is heard! There are no sounds of people or of birds or animals, excepting the sleepy groaning of a camel, or the low song that little Alee is singing to his sister as they lie upon their backs and watch the stars.

8. Night is very beautiful in the desert; for this is the desert, where Abdel Hassan, the Arab, lives. His country is that part of our round ball where the yellow sands stretch farther than eye can see, and there are no wide rivers, no thick forests, and no snow-covered hills. The day is too bright and too hot, but the night he loves; it is his friend.

9. He falls asleep at last out under the stars, and, since he has been sleeping so long in the daytime, can well afford to be awake very early in the

morning. So, while the stars still shine, and there is only one little yellow line of light in the east, he calls his wife, children, and servants. In a few minutes all is bustle and preparation. Today they must take down the tent and move, with all the camels and goats, many miles away. For the summer heat has nearly dried up the water of their little spring under the palm trees, and the grass that grew there is also entirely gone. One cannot live without water to drink, particularly in the desert, nor can the goats and camels live without grass.

10. It would be a very bad thing for us if some day all the water in our wells and springs and ponds should dry up, and all the grass on our pleasant pastures and hills should wither away. What should we do? Should we have to pack all our clothes, our books, our furniture and food, and move away to some other place where there were both water and grass, and then build new houses? Oh, how much trouble it would give us! No doubt the children would think it great fun; but as they grew older they would have no pleasant home to remember.

11. And now you will see how much better it is for Gemila's father than if he lived in a house. In a very few minutes the tent is taken down, the

tent poles are tied together, and the covering is rolled up with the pegs and strings which fastened it. Then it is all ready to put up again whenever Abdel Hassan chooses to stop. As there is no furniture to carry, the mats and cushions only are to be rolled together and tied; and now Achmet, the old servant, brings a tall yellow camel.

12. Did you ever see a camel? I hope you have some time seen a living one in a zoo; but, if you have not, perhaps you have seen a picture of the awkward-looking animal with a great hump upon his back, a long neck, and head thrust forward. A boy told me the other day that when the camel had been long without food he ate his hump. He meant that the flesh and fat of the hump helped to nourish the camel when he had no food.

13. Achmet speaks to the camel, and he immediately kneels upon the sand, while the man loads him with the tent poles and covering. After which he gets up, moves on a little way to make room for another to come up, kneel, and be loaded with mats, cushions, and bags of dates. Then comes a third. While he kneels, another servant comes from the spring, bringing a great bag made of camel's skin and filled with water.

14. Two of these bags are hung upon the camel, one on each side. This is the water for all these

Achmet speaks to the camel —

people to drink for four days, while they travel through a sandy, rocky country, where there are no springs or wells. I am afraid the water will not taste very fresh after it has been kept so long in leather bags. But there is nothing else to carry it in, and, besides, desert people are used to it and do not mind the taste. Here are smaller bags, made of goatskin, and filled with milk.

15. These things are soon arranged and everything is ready to start, although it is still long before sunrise. The camels have been drinking at the spring and have left only a little muddy water, like that in our street gutters ; but the goats must have this, or none at all. And now Abdel Hassan springs upon his beautiful black horse, that has such slender legs and swift feet, and

places himself at the head of this long troop of men and women, camels and goats. The women are riding upon the camels. So are the children; while the servants and camel drivers walk barefoot over the yellow sand. It is an easy thing for them to move: they are already at home again. But although they have so few cares, we do not wish ourselves in their place, for we love our home.

16. But all the time I have not told you how Gemila looks, nor what clothes she wears. Her face is dark; she has a little straight nose, full lips, and brown, earnest eyes; her black hair will be braided when it is long enough. On her arms and her ankles are gilded bracelets and anklets, and she wears a brown cotton dress loosely hanging halfway to the bare, slender ankles. On her head there is a white fringed handkerchief, which hangs like a little veil. Her face is pleasant and when she smiles her white teeth shine between her parted lips.

17. She is a child of the desert, and she loves her desert home. I think she would hardly be happy to live in a house, eat from a table, and sleep in a little bed like yours. She would grow restless and weary if she should live so long and so quietly in one place.

— Jane Andrews

Each heading below gives the main thought of one of the seventeen paragraphs in "Gemila, the Child of the Desert." These paragraph headings are out of order. With your books open, write the following paragraph headings in the order of the paragraphs, numbering them as the paragraphs are numbered.

Supper time
The tent of Gemila's father
Abdel Hassan's home at sunset
A play tent
The cool evening
The interior of the tent
A desert night
A starlight scene
Importance of our having water
Preparations for moving
Bags for water and milk
The camel
The start
The loading of camels
Gemila's love for her desert home
Gemila's appearance
The fitness of tents for desert homes

Canary birds feed on sugar and seed,
Parrots have crackers to crunch;
And as for the poodles, they tell me the noodles
Have chickens and cream for their lunch.
But there's never a question
About my digestion —
Anything does for me!

Cats, you're aware, can repose in a chair,
Chickens can roost upon rails;
Puppies are able to sleep in a stable,
And oysters can slumber in pails.
But no one supposes
A poor Camel dozes —
Any place does for me!

Lambs are inclosed where it's never exposed,
Coops are constructed for hens;
Kittens are treated to houses well heated,
And pigs are protected by pens.
But a Camel comes handy
Wherever it's sandy —
Anywhere does for me!

People would laugh if you rode a giraffe,
Or mounted the back of an ox;

It's nobody's habit to ride on a rabbit,
Or try to bestraddle a fox.
But as for a Camel, he's
Ridden by families —
Any load does for me!

A snake is as round as a hole in the ground,
And weasels are wavy and sleek;
And no alligator could ever be straighter
Than lizards that live in a creek,
But a Camel's all lumpy
And bumpy and humpy —
Any shape does for me!

— Charles Edward Carryl

Maisie capered joyfully about the room in her beautiful new coat that Uncle Phil had just bought her. It was a bright-colored coat, trimmed with shiny buttons, and it had pockets — four of them!

Maisie was delighted; she had never had more than two pockets in any one garment before. Uncle Phil said that it was not a dress-up coat either: it was for every day. So of course Maisie wanted to wear it at once; and Uncle Phil said that he would take her for a walk.

Maisie hummed a merry little tune as she went skippity-hop up the street beside Uncle Phil. One hand nestled in his big palm; the other was tucked cozily into one of the precious pockets.

"What do you say to our going to Baily's Woods?" asked Uncle Phil and smiled down on the happy little girl. "We might find enough hickory nuts to fill those four pockets if the boys haven't already taken them to fill their pockets."

"Hurrah!" cried Maisie. And she squeezed Uncle Phil's fingers until he cried, "Ouch!"

It was splendid to have an Uncle Phil and a lovely new coat with four pockets and to be going nutting on such a glorious October day! How

beautifully Jack Frost had painted the maples — some just the color of her coat.

When they reached the grove, Maisie and Uncle Phil at once began to poke around for nuts. Maisie's sharp eyes were the first to spy a creamy white hickory nut among the fallen leaves beside its cast-off heavy dark jacket.

By and by, with Uncle Phil's help, all of Maisie's four pockets were filled. There was also a little pile on her outspread handkerchief under the tree.

"I think we have gathered about all of them," said Uncle Phil. But something else had caught Maisie's eye — something bright orange.

"Oh, bittersweet berries!" she cried. "I must get a bouquet for Mother."

And off she bounded while Uncle Phil took a newspaper from his pocket and settled himself in the sunshine to read.

Maisie joyfully gathered the gay clusters that trailed over the old stone wall. How lovely every thing was! And how still except for the "caw, caw" of crows in the distance!

But there came a sound close by. Tap-tap it went. And there, walking right up a tree trunk, was a little fellow whom Maisie well knew. He was dressed in black and white, with a small, scar-

let patch that looked like a tiny cap set on the back of his head.

"Hello, Mr. Woodpecker," she called. "Don't you wish that you had a nice red coat — to match your cap — and with pockets in it?"

She laughed aloud to think of a bird's having pockets.

Maisie plucked bittersweet until her hands could hold no more. Then she tripped back to Uncle Phil and gave him her bright bouquet to admire and hold for her while she went to pick up her little pile of nuts.

But something had happened while Maisie was gone! Of all that little pile of nuts only two were left on her spread-out handkerchief under the tree! Since Uncle Phil had been dozing over his paper, he could not tell a thing about it. Who could have taken the nuts? Not boys, for they would have taken them all and waked Uncle Phil besides.

Suddenly Uncle Phil gave a low chuckle. "There's your little rascal," he whispered, "coming back now for the rest of them! S-sh — "

He drew Maisie quickly to one side. Then she saw the little rascal, too!

A little chap in a reddish-brown, striped suit was speeding along straight toward Maisie's spread-out handkerchief and the two lone hickory nuts.

Mr. Chipmunk — for that's who it was — stopped short for a moment to listen. Sitting up on his hind paws, he turned his head from side to side and looked carefully around. Soon he decided that it was safe to start on again, and, with a final leap, he landed, *pat*, on the handkerchief.

Maisie saw him doing something with his wee paws, but she could not tell exactly what it was because he was standing with his back directly toward her. In a moment, however, he had faced around and was scampering off again. And not a nut was to be seen anywhere!

"Why-ee!" gasped Maisie. "What has he done with them? He couldn't have eaten them."

"No," laughed Uncle Phil, "Mr. Chipmunk put them in his pockets."

"His pockets?" repeated Maisie. "Now, Uncle Phil, that sounds like a fairy story. The idea of a chipmunk's having pockets in his coat!"

"But Mr. Chipmunk's pockets are not in his coat," said Uncle Phil. "They are in his cheeks. They are really little bags given him by Mother Nature and such safe places they are in which to carry nuts! Didn't you notice how fat his face looked when he turned around?"

"Why, yes," giggled Maisie. "Oh, how funny! Pockets inside his face!"

Mr. Chipmunk-for that's who it was -

In a twinkling, little Mr. Chipmunk had darted quite out of sight.

"O dear," sighed Maisie, "I shouldn't mind his running off with my nuts if I could see where he has taken them."

"That is the very thing he does not want you to see," said Uncle Phil smiling. "But you may be sure that he is storing them away snugly somewhere, deep down in his underground den. And maybe he will be having them for his Thanksgiving dinner at the same time you are cracking your nuts!"

"Oh, I hope so," said Maisie with a laugh. "And we will be sure to tell our visitors all about his queer pockets."

— Edna P. Brett

FINDING FACTS ABOUT RICE

The answers to the following questions about rice are found on pages 219–225. See how quickly you can find them. In finding the facts for which you are looking, you will save time and effort by watching the paragraph headings to see in which paragraph you are most likely to find each fact.

1. What gives a Japanese rice field such a picturesque appearance?
2. What kind of soil is suitable for a rice farm?
3. Which states in America grow rice?
4. Why do we send rice to a mill after it is threshed?
5. What gives a rice field its beautiful appearance?
6. In what forms is rice eaten?
7. What are some of the uses of the rice plant?
8. What animal is used in Asia to plow the rice fields?
9. How was rice first brought to America?
10. Has rice been used long as a food?
11. What modern methods are used in cultivating rice in America?
12. Why is rice threshing in Asia such a slow, expensive process?

13. What different things do the workers in a Japanese rice field do?

14. How do the Japanese thresh rice?

15. With what do the Japanese eat rice?

Rice

Rice one of the oldest grains known. Rice is one of the oldest grains known to man. Like wheat, it has been grown and used as food for hundreds of years. We are told that corn came from America and wheat from Europe. Rice probably came first from India. The fact that this grain was eaten by the Chinese before Christ lived shows that it must have been cultivated many years ago.

Bringing of rice to America. From Asia rice was carried to Europe, where it was grown in the low, marshy lands. About two hundred years after America was discovered, it was brought to this country by accident. A sailing ship with some rice aboard was driven across the Atlantic Ocean by severe storms. The ship landed at Charleston, and its captain gave the governor of South Carolina a sack of rice in appreciation of courtesies shown him. This rice was given to a number of farmers for seed and a large yield was obtained. That is how rice first came to our country.

States in which rice is grown. After the first

crop was harvested, the farmers of South Carolina learned its value and how to cultivate it. Soon the planters who had the right kind of soil on their farms began growing the grain, and it became an important crop of South Carolina. Later, rice was grown on the large, level plains of Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas, and California. These four states now produce our largest rice crops.

Kind of soil and climate required. Rice grows best in rich, wet soils. The lowlands about the mouths of rivers are especially good for raising rice. Most of the southern and eastern parts of Asia are low-lying plains bordering rivers. Since the climate of these plains is very warm, they make excellent rice farms. Rice will also grow well on the mountain sides in tropical countries where the rainfall is heavy. Wherever it grows, it must have plenty of moisture. As America is often called the corn continent, so Asia might well be called the rice continent, for it produces much more of this grain than all the rest of the world combined.

Beauty of a rice field. Rice fields, which grow even and thick, resemble immense green mats and are beautiful sights with their rich green leaves swaying in the breezes. Some of the low-lying fields are covered with water, and the plants look like water grasses growing in them. When the sun

shines, the drops of water on the leaves sparkle brilliantly and make a beautiful picture. When the grain has ripened, the whole field turns to a golden yellow.

Cultivation of rice in Asia. In Asia rice seed are first planted in beds and allowed to sprout. Then, since rice grows best in water, these plants are set out in fields which have been prepared in such a way that they may be flooded. To flood these, a system of canals is used. Until the plant matures, weeds must be kept down and water frequently turned on the growing plants. In Asia the plowing and cultivating are done with a water buffalo. The work takes place in the standing water, the farmers wading about the fields all day long to cultivate the grain.

Cultivation of rice in America. In our country it has been found that rice may be planted just as wheat is. The rice fields are bordered with dikes and ditches and plowed while dry. If there is sufficient moisture in the soil, the seed will sprout without first being placed in seed beds. After the plant has grown several inches above the ground, the fields are irrigated, or flooded with water. This is kept on the fields by means of banks, which are made by turning up a few furrows with a plow. Often the water itself, which is found in layers of

sand beneath the fields, is pumped by oil-driven engines. The standing water kills the weeds. When the weeds are dead, the water is drawn off and the fields allowed to dry slowly. As frequently as is necessary, the fields are flooded again. When the crop matures, they are drained and dried thoroughly. The harvesting of the rice may now be done with machinery. Since we reap our rice with harvesters and thresh it with a machine, the grain is not nearly so expensive for us to produce as it is for the Chinese or other eastern peoples. Farm work can always be done more cheaply by machinery than by hand.

Threshing of rice in America. In our country rice is threshed by machinery. The plants grow very close together, and each one produces a stem that has a head with a number of seeds on it, which are inclosed in yellow husks. The seeds of the rice are not easily separated from the husks, but stick very firmly to them. In our country we thresh rice just as we do wheat, but we cannot separate the grains from the husks by threshing. After the first threshing, the seeds and the husks, called "paddy," are sent to a mill, where they go through a milling process before they are ready for the market. This milling separates the seeds from the husks. After this, the grains are polished until they shine.

Threshing of rice in Asia. In Asia the process of threshing is very different from that employed in our country. The natives husk the rice in many ways. Sometimes they pound the husks off with stones. Men or animals tread the paddy to get the grains loose. These methods of getting the rice grains are all very slow and expensive. It costs so much to harvest a rice crop in some parts of Asia that the grain becomes too expensive for the poorer natives to eat. They have to live on millet or rye.

Uses of rice. Rice is a most useful plant. In Asiatic countries it is served with almost every meal — boiled or steamed and eaten as a cereal. It is seldom ground into flour. The rice we use is generally sold in its kernel form. The Japanese eat rice with dried fish. The grains may be popped in much the same way as our pop corn. Puffed rice has become a favorite breakfast dish with many Americans. Starch is made from the kernels. The straw of the plant and the husk of the seed make good food for cattle. Paper and hats are also made from the straw.

Description of a Japanese rice field. The rice fields of Japan are probably the most picturesque in the world. There the lowlands are cut up into small gardens by little embankments a foot or two high.

These rice gardens are about the size of one of our ordinary vegetable gardens. Grass and pretty wild flowers grow on the embankments and add to the beauty of the fields. High up on the hillsides are other gardens of rice. These are terraced to prevent the soil from washing away.

Japanese at work in a rice field. The little brown Japanese people are seen working all over these rice fields. Men, women, and children wade about in the water cultivating the plants. With their bright-colored clothes and their peculiar bowl-like hats they make a very interesting picture as they work. Some of them are digging in the ground with mattocks, while others are removing the tall weeds and smoothing off new ground for another crop. In the wet fields in the lowlands, some of the workers are stooping over and planting the rice sprouts. These sprouts must be placed in the soil under the standing water. The work is tiresome and not pleasant. If the fields are too high for the rivers to flood them, water must be pumped up for the plants. Very often it is raised by hand in crude baskets.

The Japanese methods of harvesting, threshing, and eating rice. When the crop is ripe, the harvesting begins. Both men and women work, cutting the grain with small knives. Each stalk

must be cut separately. As soon as an armful is gathered, it is laid on the ground in a bundle, and the work goes on. Sometimes the rice is husked in the field, but more often it is carried to the home and stored in a granary. When the family has need of the rice, it is taken out, and enough for a meal is threshed. Threshing consists first of cutting off the heads by drawing the plant over saw-shaped knives. Next the husks are removed by beating them between stones. Finally the rice grains are cleaned and polished. When this rice is cooked, it is ready to be eaten and is the family's favorite dish. The Japanese natives do not have forks like ours. They use two long round sticks, called chopsticks, to raise the rice to the mouth. It is very difficult to eat with chopsticks at first, but the Japanese handle them as easily as we use forks.

— F. A. Merrill

Stand in front of a clock and watch the long hand creep steadily from minute to minute. Every time it passes a minute mark, say to yourself, "Another fire has broken out; perhaps somebody's dearly loved home is being destroyed or some child is being terribly burned." Then add, "It could have been prevented."

Watch the clock hand for ten minutes or more. Say, "Another fire — another. Somebody's home — some boy or girl. Some hotel, with the people struggling to escape. Some factory, with dozens of hands thrown out of work. Another. Another."

That is the way it goes, minute by minute, night and day, throughout the year. When you wake in the morning, you may be sure that there will be hundreds of fires throughout the country before night. When you go to sleep at night, it is almost certain that there will be hundreds of fires somewhere in the United States before morning. If some minutes go by without a fire, others may have two or three, for there are 1440 minutes in the twenty-four hours, and each day has an average of more than 1500 fires.

There will be 1500 more fires tomorrow, another

1500 day after tomorrow, and so on, sometimes a few more and sometimes a few less, but averaging about 1500 fires for each day. Think of it: those fires need not occur if people would only be careful.

Choose the sentence below which gives the central thought of the selection you have just read:

1. Many fires occur every day.
2. Houses, hotels, and factories are burned.
3. Fires can be prevented.

The main thought of this lesson is well worth remembering and discussing. See how many ways of preventing fires you can tell the class about.

Tell your classmates of some fire you have seen or read about that could have been prevented.

Thirteen years have passed since, but it is all to me as if it had happened yesterday — the clanging of the fire bells, the hoarse shouts of the firemen, the wild rush and terror of the streets; then the great hush that fell upon the crowd; the sea of upturned faces with the fire glow upon it; and up there, against the background of black smoke that poured from roof and attic, the boy clinging to the narrow ledge, so high up that it seemed impossible that help could ever come.

But even then it was coming. Up from the street, while the crew of the truck company were laboring with the heavy extension ladder that at its longest stretch was many feet too short, crept four men upon long, slender poles with cross-bars, iron-hooked at the end. Standing in one window, they reached up and thrust the hook through the next one above, then mounted a story higher. Straight up the wall they crept, looking like flies on the ceiling, and clinging as close, never resting, reaching one recess only to set out for the next; nearer and nearer in the race for life, until but a single span separated the foremost fireman from the boy. And now the iron hook fell at his feet, and the fireman stood upon the step with

the rescued lad in his arms, just as the pent-up flame burst lurid from the attic window, reaching with fury for its prey. The next moment they were safe upon the great ladder waiting to receive them below.

Then such a shout went up! Men fell on each other's necks and cried and laughed at once. Strangers slapped one another on the back with glistening faces, shook hands, and behaved generally like men suddenly gone mad. Women wept. The driver of a wagon stalled in the crowd, who had stood through it all speechless, clutched the reins, whipped his horses into a gallop, and drove away yelling like an Indian to relieve his feelings. The boy and his rescuer were carried across the street without anyone's knowing how. Policemen forgot their dignity and shouted with the rest. Fire, peril, and loss were alike forgotten in the one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin.

Fireman John Burns was made captain of his crew and the Bennett medal was pinned on his coat next parade day.

— Jacob A. Riis

TEST YOURSELF

Down the left-hand margin of a sheet of paper write the numbers from 1 through 4. Choose

the right ending for each of the four incomplete statements given below and write each ending opposite the proper number. Each correct answer will score 25. Try to make a score of 100.

1. This fire happened
   - yesterday
   - thirteen years ago
   - last week
2. The boy was on a ledge
   - of the second floor of the house
   - of the third floor
   - of the attic
3. The extension ladder was
   - long enough to reach the boy
   - too short
   - not used at all
4. The people acted as if
   - they were wild with joy
   - they wanted to talk about the fire
   - nothing had happened

CARE OF CUT FLOWERS

When cut flowers come to your house from the flower shop, or when you have brought in wild flowers from the fields, the first thing to do is to cut off a bit from the end of each stem while keeping the stem under water. Do the cutting with a pair of sharp scissors. This new clean cut will let the flowers drink up water more easily.

If the flowers seem at all wilted, put them into fresh, cool water up to their noses, so that they may have a drink and a bath as well. Or if you have a pan long enough, fill it with cold water and let the flowers lie down in it, with their heads floating on the water, until they look fresh. When the flowers are thoroughly freshened, arrange them in vases but do not crowd them. If they are crowded, each cannot get its share of water.

Always fill your vases and bowls full of water and change this every day if possible. The water keeps fresh longer if all the leaves are stripped from that part of the stem which is below the surface of the water.

Flowers should be put in a cool place at night, not left in the dining room or in a bedroom. They need fresh air and a change. Unfortunately, no

flowers or plants thrive very well in gas-lighted houses.

If flowers seem inclined to droop on the second day, cut their stems again. If they have been nipped by the frost, keep them in cold water in a cold room for a while. Sometimes they will freshen up again. Never put them at once into a warm place.

It is well to keep a special pair of scissors for cutting flowers. Be sure to wipe the scissors carefully after using them.

Be careful not to throw stems into the sink or bathroom bowl. Not only is this untidy looking, but there is danger of stopping up the drainage. It is a good plan to spread a newspaper on the table before you begin work. This will catch all the bits of stems, leaves, and faded blossoms that you wish to throw away. When you are through, gather up the newspaper so that none of its contents will fall out. Put the newspaper in the fire at once or in a waste basket until it can be burned.

— Constance Johnson

TEST YOURSELF

Down the left-hand margin of a sheet of paper write the numbers from 1 through 4. Choose the right ending for each of the four incomplete state-

ments given below and write each ending opposite the proper number. Each correct answer will score 25. Try to make a score of 100.

1. The first thing to do with cut flowers is to
   put them in a vase
   put them in cold water
   cut off a bit from the end of each stem
2. If flowers seem faded
   put them in shallow water
   put them in warm water
   put them in cool water up to their noses
3. Water on flowers should be changed
   every day
   every other day
   every week
4. Stems, leaves, and faded blossoms should be
   thrown into the sink
   gathered in a newspaper and burned
   left on the table

HOW WELL DO YOU REMEMBER?

Without referring to the selections, see if you can remember the facts asked for below. Write the answer to each question opposite the number of the question.

1. Tell three facts you learned about Japan.

2. Tell which three words below best describe little Diamond:

plucky quarrelsome good bright

3. What did Charlie do with Mimi when he left the farm?

4. What animal is valued most highly by Gemila's people?

5. In "Finding Facts about Rice," what helped you decide in which paragraph to look for a certain fact?

6. Give the central thought in "Fires! Fires! Fires!"

7. Tell in one sentence how John Burns, the fireman, became a hero.

8. Tell two ways in which you can take care of cut flowers.

If you find you are not remembering well, read the suggestions on page 78.

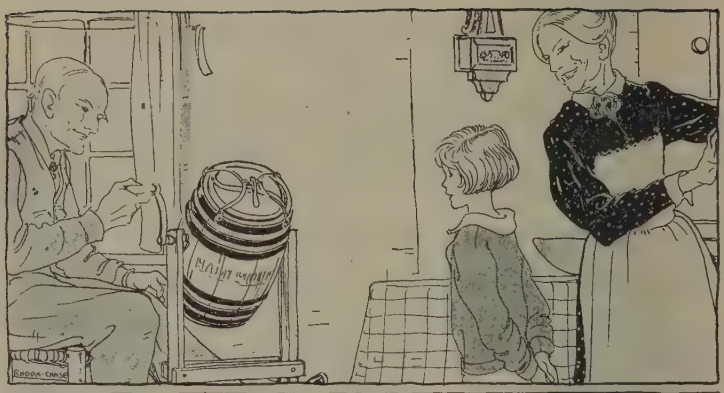
Elizabeth Ann had been wondering and wondering where in the world Aunt Abigail was. So she stepped quickly to the door and went down the cold dark stairs she found there. At the bottom was a door, but she could not open it. However, she heard steps inside, and the door was quickly thrown open. She almost fell into the arms of Aunt Abigail, who caught her as she stumbled forward.

Her aunt said, "I have been expecting you down here for a long time. I never saw a little girl yet who didn't like to watch butter making. Don't you love to run the butter worker over butter? I do, myself, even if I am seventy-two!"

"I don't know anything about it," said Elizabeth Ann. "I don't know what you make butter of. We always buy ours."

"For goodness' sakes!" cried Aunt Abigail. She turned and called across the room, "Henry, did you ever! Here's Betsy saying she doesn't know what we make butter of! She actually never saw anybody making butter!"

Uncle Henry was sitting down near the window. turning the handle of a small barrel swung between two uprights. He stopped for a moment and con-



Then he began to turn the churn

sidered Aunt Abigail's remark with serious attention. Then he began to turn the churn over and over again and said quietly, "Well, Mother, you never saw anybody laying asphalt pavements, I'll warrant you! And I suppose Betsy knows all about that."

Elizabeth Ann's spirits rose. She felt very superior indeed.

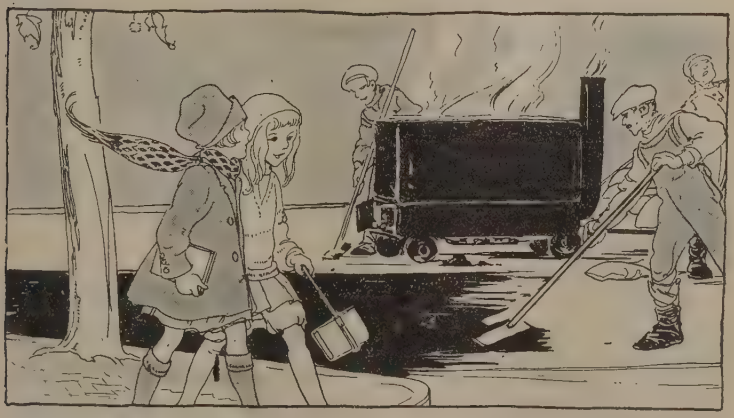
"Oh, yes," she cried, "I know all about that! Didn't you ever see anybody doing it? I have seen it hundreds of times. Every day as we went to school men were going over the whole pavement for blocks along our way."

Aunt Abigail and Uncle Henry looked at her with interest, and Aunt Abigail said, "Think of that! Tell us all about it!"

"There is a big black sort of wagon," began Elizabeth Ann. "They run it up and down and pour out the black stuff on the road. And that is all there is to it." She stopped rather suddenly, looking uneasy.

Uncle Henry said, "There is one thing I have always wanted to know. How do they keep that stuff from hardening while they are working with it? How do they keep it hot?"

The little girl looked blank. "With a fire, I suppose," she faltered, as she searched her memory and found there only a dim remembrance of a red glow somewhere connected with the familiar scene at which she had so often looked with unseeing eyes.



"How do they keep it hot?" ~

"Of course a fire," agreed Uncle Henry. "But what do they burn in it, coke or coal or wood or charcoal? And how do they get any draft to keep it going?"

Elizabeth Ann shook her head. "I never noticed," she said.

Aunt Abigail asked, "What do they do to the road before they pour the black stuff on?"

"Do?" said Elizabeth Ann. "I didn't know that they do anything."

"They can't pour it right on a dirt road, can they?" asked Aunt Abigail. "Don't they put down cracked stone or something?"

Elizabeth Ann looked down at her toes. "I never noticed," she said.

"I wonder how long it takes for it to harden," said Uncle Henry.

"I never noticed," Elizabeth Ann replied in a small voice.

Uncle Henry said, "Oh!" and stopped asking questions. Aunt Abigail turned away and put a stick of wood in the stove.

Elizabeth Ann did not feel very superior now. When Aunt Abigail said, "Now the butter is beginning to come. Don't you want to watch and see everything I do, so that you can answer if anybody asks you how butter is made?" Elizabeth

Ann understood perfectly what was in Aunt Abigail's mind and she gave to the process of butter making closer attention than she had ever before given to anything. It was so interesting, too, that in no time she forgot why she was watching.

She looked into the churn as Aunt Abigail unscrewed the top, and saw the thick, sour cream separating into buttermilk and tiny bits of golden butter. "It is gathering," said Aunt Abigail, screwing the lid back on. "Father will churn it a little more till it really comes. You and I will scald the wooden butter things and get everything ready. You had better put on that apron to keep your dress clean."

To Elizabeth Ann was allowed the excitement of pulling out the plug from the bottom of the churn, and she dodged back hastily to escape the gush of buttermilk spouting into the pail held by Aunt Abigail. She poured the water in to wash the butter, and screwed on the top herself and, again all by herself (for Uncle Henry had gone off as soon as the butter had come), swung the barrel back and forth six or seven times to swish the water through the particles of butter.

She even helped Aunt Abigail scoop out the great yellow lumps. She had never dreamed that there was so much butter in all the world! Then Aunt

Abigail let her run the curiously shaped wooden butter worker back and forth over the butter, squeezing out the water, and then pile it up again with her wooden paddle into a mold of gold. She weighed on the scales the salt needed and was very much surprised to find that there really is such a thing as an ounce. She had never met it before, outside the pages of her arithmetic book, and she did not know it lived anywhere else.

After the salt was worked in, she watched Aunt Abigail's quick, wrinkled old hands make pats and rolls. It looked like the greatest fun, and too easy for anything. And when Aunt Abigail asked her if she would not like to make up the last half pound into a pat for dinner, she took up the wooden paddle with confidence.

Then Elizabeth Ann got one of the many surprises that the farm seemed to have in store for her. She discovered that her hands did not seem to belong to her at all, that her fingers were all thumbs, that she did not in the least know beforehand how hard a stroke she was going to give or which way her fingers were going. As a matter of fact, it was the first time Elizabeth Ann had tried to do anything with her hands except to write and figure and play on the piano, and naturally she was not very well acquainted with them. She

stopped in dismay, looking at the shapeless, battered heap of butter before her and holding out her hands as though they were not part of her.

Aunt Abigail laughed, took up the paddle, and, after three or four skilful strokes, the butter was a smooth, yellow ball. She said, "That brings back to me the time that my grandmother first let me try to make a pat when I was a little girl. I was about seven years old — my! what a mess I made of it! And I remember — doesn't it seem funny? — that she laughed and said her great-aunt had taught her how to handle butter right here in this very milk room. Let me see, Grandmother was born in 1776; that is a long time ago, isn't it? But butter hasn't changed much, nor little girls either."

— Dorothy Canfield, *Adapted*

Can you arrange the steps given on the next page in the order in which they come? If you can, you were wide-awake when you were reading about the process of butter making. Write the numbers from 1 through 12. These are the numbers of the steps. Opposite each number write the letter which shows what was done at that step. For example, since the first step was pouring the cream into the churn, write 1 = E.

A. Elizabeth Ann helped Aunt Abigail scald the wooden butter things.

B. The butter was washed in the churn.

C. Elizabeth Ann pulled the plug to let the buttermilk out.

D. The yellow lumps were scooped from the churn.

E. The thick sour cream was poured into the churn.

F. Aunt Abigail made pats and rolls.

G. Elizabeth Ann ran the butter worker over the butter.

H. Soon the butter had come.

I. The salt was weighed and worked into the butter.

J. Aunt Abigail said the butter was gathering.

K. Aunt Abigail made the butter pat for Elizabeth Ann.

L. Elizabeth Ann failed to make a good butter pat.

MATCHING WORDS WITH THEIR MEANINGS

All the words in the left-hand column are words you have had in this book. From the right-hand column select the expression that properly goes with each of these words and write it opposite the word with which it belongs.

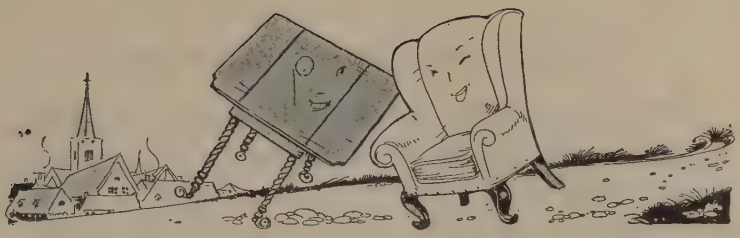
armorer	a block on which iron is hammered
visitor	an oval-shaped nut
smokehouse	a kind of tree
anvil	a place in which ham and bacon are smoked
famine	a quail
honey locust	a long curved knife
scythe	a strip of sand in the water
almond	cracked corn
partridge	right to command
forge	a fish
sand bar	a piece of English money
apprentice	a condition of being without food
shad	a part of the saddle
shilling	one who makes armor
stirrup	a guest
hominy	a place where iron is heated
authority	one bound to serve another

THE TABLE AND THE CHAIR

Said the Table to the Chair,
"You can hardly be aware
How I suffer from the heat
And from chilblains on my feet.
If we took a little walk,
We might have a little talk;
Pray let us take the air,"
Said the Table to the Chair.

Said the Chair unto the Table,
"Now, you *know* we are not able:
How foolishly you talk,
When you know we *cannot* walk!"
Said the Table with a sigh,
"It can do no harm to try.
I've as many legs as you:
Why can't we walk on two?"

So they both went slowly down,
And walked about the town
With a cheerful bumpy sound
As they toddled round and round;
And everybody cried,
As they hastened to their side,
"See! the Table and the Chair
Have come out to take the air!"



But in going down an alley
To a castle in a valley
They completely lost their way,
And wandered all the day;
Till, to see them safely back,
They paid a Ducky-quack,
And a Beetle, and a Mouse,
Who took them to their house.

Then they whispered to each other,
"O delightful little brother,
What a lovely walk we've taken!
Let us dine on beans and bacon."
So the Ducky and the leetle
Browny-Mousy and the Beetle
Dined, and danced upon their heads
Till they toddled to their beds.

— Edward Lear

WORDS OF SIMILAR MEANING

Find a word in the second column which is similar in meaning to one of the words in the first column. Find a word in the fourth column which is similar in meaning to one of the words in the third column.

abode	bed	fetch	ate
accept	stayed	flaunt	large
altered	power	fluttered	bring
antics	awkward	glen	harmful
anxiety	learner	gorgeous	excursion
authority	capers	industrious	spears
bade	swamp	injurious	frowned
bunk	surprise	lances	valley
capable	ordered	marvelous	sneaked
challenge	worry	quaint	wonderful
confidence	receive	prefer	frying-pan
connected	faith	process	cozily
constructed	value	slunk	display
cumbersome	joined	scowled	waved
curious	able	snugly	magnificent
marsh	dare	skillet	diligent
appreciate	built	devoured	old-fashioned
apprentice	queer	enormous	method
astonishment	changed	expedition	choose

MISTRESS SPRING-IN-A-HURRY

Deary oh me! I am quite in a flutter!
I've forgotten to churn the new buttercup's butter,
I've forgotten to set all the lily bells ringing,
I've forgotten to tune up the robins for singing.
Deary oh me and deary oh my!
Was ever a Springtime so flustered as I?

Come, Mr. Sun, shine a little bit hotter;
Don't hide your face, please, and stop drinking water.
Mr. Wind, get out your big broom for sweeping.
Shame, Madame Rain! this is no time for weeping!
Come now, look pleasant, the swift hours fly;
Shake out your cloudlets and hang them to dry!

Young Johnny Frost, you run home; and remember
You're not wanted here till sometime next November.
Ha, now we have it! a little more green!
Brighten that yellow! Slip pink in between!
Don't talk to me about colors that blend!
Slap them all on — 'tis the same in the end!

Send up the May-flowers, sweet-smelling piles of
them;
Catkins and marshmallows, I can use miles of
them.
Shake all those lazy trees; tickle their toes!
Don't plant hepaticas stiffly in rows —
Jumble them up a bit, crimson and blue.
Windflowers, violets, trilliums too!

That's the idea! And now for the gardens —
Poke up the hyacinths ere the soil hardens;
Mass purple lilacs down there by the walk;
Line up the daffodils here — and ***don't talk!***
Rainbow-hued crocuses, narcissus white,
Soak all in perfume and leave overnight.

Here come the birds — what a stirring and questing!
Fat robins chirping and bobolinks nesting,
Gay sparrows chattering, meadow larks racing,
Swift as the shade of the clouds they are chasing,
Green on the hill side and gold in the sky!
Was ever a Springtime so sprightly as I?

— Isabel Ecclestone Mackey

TONI, THE LITTLE WOOD-CARVER

I

Toni was a little Swiss boy who lived with his widowed mother. He was only twelve years old, but the time had come for him to look about for work which would bring in some money and by which he could learn a trade for future years. His great desire was to become a wood-carver, but how was he to do it?

Toni's mother, Elsbeth, thought it would be best to ask the owner of the Matten farm if he had some light work for Toni. But every time she spoke about it the lad would beg, "Oh, Mother, don't do that; let me be a wood-carver!"

The mother had no objection to this, but she knew no way to bring it about. She had known the owner of the Matten farm for many years, and from time to time he had sent her a little wood or meal. She hoped he would employ Toni at first for light tasks in the field, so that he would gradually learn to do the heavier tasks.

One Saturday night, after the day's work was ended and Elsbeth had sat down with Toni to their scanty supper, she said once more, "Toni,

we must take a decided step now. I think it is best for me to go up to the Matten farm to-morrow."

"Oh, Mother, don't do that!" cried Toni. "Don't go to the farmer! If you will only let me be a wood-carver, I will earn money, and you will not have to work so hard. Then I can stay at home with you. I can't bear it if I have to be away from you always. Let me stay with you; don't send me away, Mother."

"Oh, you good Toni," replied his mother, "what wouldn't I give to be able to keep you always with me! But that really cannot be. I know of no way for you to be a wood-carver. Someone would have to teach you and, when you had learned, how should we sell the carvings? You would have to know people and go about, or else you could not sell your carvings. If only I could talk with someone who could give me good advice!"

"Ask the pastor," said Toni.

"That is what I will do," said Elsbeth, and she went to see the pastor. He told her that in the village of Frutigen there was a very skilful, well-known wood-carver who made wonderful works which went far into the world, even to America. He carved groups of animals on high rocks — chamois and eagles — and whole mountains with

the herdsmen and the cows. Elsbeth could talk with this carver. If Toni studied with the man, he could help him sell the finished work.

So one day Elsbeth and Toni started on their journey to Frutigen. Mother and son were soon standing in front of the wood-carver's house and learned from the children before the door that their father was at home.

Inside a large room sat the wood-carver, with his wife, at a table. He was looking at a large book of beautiful colored pictures of animals which he would be able to make good use of in his work. When the two arrived, he welcomed them and invited them to be seated on the wooden bench which ran along the wall around the entire room. Elsbeth accepted the invitation and immediately began to tell the wood-carver why she had come to see him and what she so much desired him to do.

Meanwhile Toni stood as if rooted to the floor and stared at a single spot. In front of him was a glass case in which could be seen two high rocks, carved out of wood. On one was standing a chamois with her little ones. The beautiful creatures had such dainty, slender legs and their fine heads sat so naturally on their necks that it seemed as if they were alive and not made of wood. On

In front of him was a glass case.

the other rock stood a hunter, his gun hanging by his side, and his hat, with even a feather in it, on his head. Everything was so finely carved that one would think it must be a real hat and a real feather; yet all was of wood. Next to the hunter stood his dog, and it seemed as if he were about to wag his tail. Toni was like one enchanted and hardly breathed.

When Toni's mother finished speaking, the wood-carver said he did not object to taking the boy, for it seemed to him that he had a desire to learn. However, the mother would have to pay for his board for two months besides paying for his instruction. This would be as much as his board, and she herself must know whether she could spend that amount on the boy. On the other hand, he would promise that the boy would be taught well, and she could see from the carving in the glass case what the lad could learn to do.

At first Elsbeth was so disappointed that she was unable to speak a word. Now she knew it would be impossible for her to fulfill her boy's greatest wish. The necessary expense of board and instruction was beyond anything that she could manage. Toni's plans could not be carried out.

She rose and thanked the wood-carver for his willingness to take the boy but said that she would have to decline his offer. Then she beckoned to Tŏni, whose eyes were so glued to the glass case that he paid no attention to her. She took him by the hand and led him quietly out of the door.

Outside Toni said, drawing a deep breath, "Did you see what was in the case? Mother, did you see it?"

"Yes, yes, I saw it, Toni," replied his mother with a sigh. "But did you hear what the wood-carver said?"

Toni had heard nothing; all his mind had been directed to one point.

"No, I didn't hear anything; when can I go?" he asked longingly.

"Oh, it is not possible, Toni, but don't take it to heart! I can't do it, although I would like to so much," said his mother. "Everything would come to more than I earn in a year, and you know what a struggle I have to make both ends meet. You must work on the Matten farm."

This was a blow for Toni. All his hopes were destroyed; but he knew how hard his mother worked, how little she herself had, and how she always tried to give him everything that she could.

So he said not a word and silently swallowed his rising tears. But for the first time he had seen what wonderful things could be made of a piece of wood.

II

For a long time, Toni took care of the farmer's cows in the mountain pasture. Then he became ill and was taken to a hospital in a city, where he rapidly improved. There a kind lady from Geneva became interested in the lad.

One day as Elsbeth and the doctor stood talking about Toni, the lady from Geneva came up to Elsbeth.

"My dear, good woman, Toni certainly must not go up on the mountain again. He is not fit for it," the lady said eagerly. "We must find something different for him. Has he no taste for some other occupation? It must be light; the lad is not strong and needs care."

"Oh, yes, he has a great desire to learn something," replied his mother. "From a little boy he has wished for it, but I hardly dare mention it."

"There, there, tell me right away," said the lady encouragingly, expecting something unheard-of.

"He wants so much to be a wood-carver," the mother answered, "and has a good deal of talent for it. There is a fine teacher at Frutigen who can teach him in two months. But the cost of board and instruction together is more than eighty francs."

"Is that all?" exclaimed the lady in great surprise. "Is that all? Come, my boy," and she ran to Toni, "would you really like to become a wood-carver?"

The joy which shone in Toni's eyes when he answered showed the lady what she must do. She had such a longing to help the boy that she wanted to act immediately.

"Would you like to go to a teacher at once?" she asked him.

Toni gladly replied that he would; so the lady quickly made plans for Toni to go to Frutigen, and began preparations for the journey. On the following morning the trip was made. The little company were so happy together that they reached Frutigen long before they expected.

The wood-carver told the lady everything that would be needed for the work and showed her all kinds of instruments. He said that a fine book with good pictures from which one could work would be useful.

After the lady had urged him to teach Toni everything that was necessary for the boy's future, the little company went to the inn. Here the lady engaged a good room for Toni with a comfortable bed and arranged for him to have the best of food and care. She even planned a bill of fare for every day in the week. "The lad must have good, wholesome food," she said.

The host promised to follow instructions carefully. Then Toni and his mother ate with the lady and during the meal she told them her plans. The very next day she was going to Geneva where there were large shops in which nothing was sold but carvings. There she would arrange for Toni to sell all his articles. Moreover, he was to remain three months with the carver, not two, so that he could learn everything. He could go to visit his mother on Sundays, or she could come to him.

Elsbeth and Toni were so full of gratitude they could find no words to express it, but the lady understood them and went home with a happy heart.

Toni applied himself with so much zeal and skill to his work that the carver said to his wife in the fourth week, "If he goes on like this, he will be a better wood-carver than I am."

The three months had come to an end, and Christmas was drawing near. One morning Toni waded through the deep snow up to his home. He looked strong and well, and his heart was so happy that he had to sing aloud.

When he saw the stone hut with the fir tree behind it, tears of joy came to his eyes. He was coming home — home for all time. He ran to the little house, and his mother, who had already seen him, hurried out. Which one of the two was the more delighted, no one could tell. They were both so happy as they sat together again in the cottage that they could think of no greater fortune on earth. Their dearest wish was fulfilled. Toni was a wood-carver and could carry on his work at home with his mother. From Geneva good things kept coming to Elsbeth, and she no longer had to dread anxious days. And with each package came orders for Toni's work.

Two days later Elsbeth and Toni had such a Christmas celebration as neither of them had ever known before. The candles which the mother had lighted shone upon a number of things: clothes for Toni to wear, a whole set of knives for carving, and a book with pictures of a size and beauty such as Toni had never in all his life seen before. His master's book was a mere child's toy beside it.

Elsbeth, too, was lovingly provided for. The lady from Geneva had planned everything. And there was great joy in the little hut that Christmas Day.

A beautiful deer and huntsman and wonderful eagles on a rock was considered by Toni to be his most successful piece of work. So it went, not to the dealer in Geneva, but to the lady for whom Toni had a thankful heart all his life long.

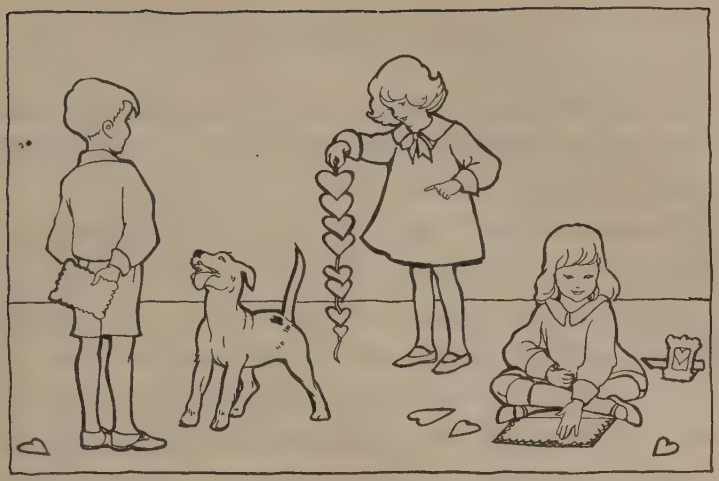
— Johanna Spyri, *Adapted*

See if you can find and read any parts of the story which will help the class to discuss the points below:

How the lady from Geneva helped Toni to succeed.

Whether Toni deserved the success he won.

Read the part at which your interest was greatest.



MAKING A VALENTINE POSTER

See if you can make a gay valentine poster according to the directions given below. It will be somewhat similar to the one in the illustration on this page, but the figures of the three children and the dog will be of different sizes and colored in other ways. In making your poster be sure to follow the directions carefully.

Drawing and Coloring

Draw the boy first. Make him $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches tall. Color his suit any color you choose, and his shoes

From the February, 1927, Junior Home Magazine. Published with permission of the D. C. Kreidler Company, publishers of the Junior Home Magazine in which this article first appeared.

and stockings to match his suit. Color his valentine as you choose.

Draw the dog. Make him $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches high from the bottom of his front foot to the top of his head. Color the dog.

Draw the girl who has hearts in her hand. Make her 8 inches tall.

Draw the girl who is seated on the floor. Have the distance from the end of her hand to the top of her head $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Draw the valentine in front of her and the ones beside her. Color the valentines in very bright colors.

After you have drawn and colored the girls, the boy, and the valentine, cut them out.

Mounting

On a piece of stiff paper 12 inches by 18 inches draw a line the long way and a little below the center of the paper. The part above the line is to be the sky. Color it blue. The part below the line is to be the grass. Color it green. On this background paste the figures you have drawn and colored in a way that seems pleasing to you.

THE BUFFALO HUNT

Swift Fawn and Red Wing were playing with their dolls outside the lodge. Swift Fawn loved her doll; she had made it herself out of a bone. The head was the knobby end of the bone, on which the little girl had painted eyes and mouth with berry juice. A big blot of paint was put on to represent the nose. This rough doll baby was dressed in a long robe of elk skin.

"What can we give our children to eat?" asked Red Wing.

"I'll ask mother for a bit of boiled beaver's tail. I like beavers' tails, don't you?" said Swift Fawn.

"I think they are even nicer than fresh buffalo tongue." Red Wing smacked her lips at the thought of both dainties.

The dolls' meal was finished and Swift Fawn was making believe that her own doll was naughty and must be punished, when Red Wing cried, "Look, there come the young braves who went out to sight the buffaloes."

They came fast as if with good news. The little girls jumped up and joined a crowd of other children who were running toward the council house. Around it most of the men in the village

were gathered — some playing games, others looking on or talking together and smoking.

Red Wing had guessed rightly. An immense herd of buffaloes were feeding on the prairie scarcely fifteen miles away. The hunters must prepare at once to overtake them. Bows must be examined, arrows and lances sharpened; and the horses trained for buffalo hunting must be brought in from pasture to be in readiness for an early start on the morrow. There would be plenty of exciting work for the men when once they reached the hunting grounds. And after that, the women must take their turn, dressing and drying the flesh, cleaning the bones, and tanning the skins, for every part of the animal could be used for some purpose.

Before the sun rose the next morning the party started out. Swift Fawn and her mother watched the hunters out of sight, for among them was Big Moose. It was to be his first real buffalo hunt. He was now such a big, strong youth and his arrow always flew to its mark so truly that Three Bears had given this promise to his son, "Next time, Big Moose, you shall be one of us."

His mother was proud and glad, yet a little anxious this morning. So was Swift Fawn.

After the hunters rode away, the little girl went

Swift Fawn and her mother watched the hunters ~ ~

about her work as usual. When it was done, she tried to amuse herself with her doll. But the day seemed very long, and, when at last the sun set, she went up on the lodge roof with her mother and other women of the household. All eyes were turned toward the north, where the hunters had bent their way that morning.

Darkness was creeping fast over the prairie when the sound of many hoofs could be heard in the distance. Shortly afterward the tired hunting party entered the village. Many of them were bruised and had torn leggings.

Swift Fawn and her mother quickly saw the youth about whom they had been anxiously thinking all day. There he was, riding his horse like

a young chief. He looked as if fresh for a hunt, not worn out at the end of one.

"My brave, handsome brother!" thought Swift Fawn. "I had no need to fear for him."

Some of the horses moved more slowly than the rest, for they were bringing home the spoils of the chase which had been loaded on low, roughly made carts. That evening there was great rejoicing in the village. When the men had eaten, they gathered in groups around their fires to go over the story of the day.

After leaving the village that morning, they had traveled as fast as their fleet horses could carry them in the direction agreed upon. There was never a stop till they neared a small bluff which shut out the plain beyond from sight.

"Slow," signaled the leader, for it was only a short distance beyond the bluff that the herd had been sighted the day before. The earth must not now be jarred by the tramp of horses, for fear the buffaloes be startled.

The leader of the party, and the first to reach the bluff, got down from his horse and crept softly up the slope to the top. A goodly sight was before him. Scarcely a half mile away was a herd of buffaloes. The prairie was so blackened by their presence that there must have been several hun-

dreds of the animals. Even at that distance the hunter's keen eyes perceived that the buffaloes were grazing quietly, with no fear of enemies.

By this time others of the party had followed their leader, Three Bears and his son among them.

"Toss the feather," ordered the leader, turning to Big Moose, who lost no time in obeying. Graceful as a bird himself as he stood on the top of the bluff, he tossed a feather into the air to discover the course of the wind.

The leader, watching closely, said, "We can move directly forward, and the herd will not scent us."

Big Moose, eager and excited, attended carefully while the leader gave directions as to the way in which the chase must be carried on. Even the waiting horses seemed to understand what was to happen, for they pricked up their ears and pawed the earth impatiently.

With bow in hand and arrow case within easy reach, the hunters remounted their restless steeds. Then the party moved slowly down the slope and over the plain toward their prey.

Big Moose had to strain to hold in his horse. He felt the animal's body tremble with excitement. Its ears were held high; its eyes bulged; its breath came hard and fast. The lad kept his

eyes fastened on the leader. The signal to charge would be given the instant the herd discovered the approach.

Ah! the moment has come. The buffaloes have become roused. They are wheeling about in one great, moving mass. And now the horses are flying over the prairie like a sudden hurricane; the air is filled with the dust of pounding hoofs.

Each man for himself now! Big Moose no longer thinks — he simply feels — as he dashes into the angry herd plunging wildly about him in all directions. He must choose some particular one among them, a fat cow if possible, and his arrows must be aimed right and sent with the speed of the wind. His eyes are keen, his hand steady, as he finds his mark and comes close. He leans low on his horse's side, and sends an arrow with force — tremendous force, greater than he would have dreamed possible.

And lo, he has won! The buffalo leaps into the air, then falls to the ground with a fierce, angry snort. One long, hard gasp, and her life is over.

But Big Moose is in danger, for he finds himself in the midst of a pack of enraged animals. Before he can catch at any opening for his horse, it is lifted on the horns of a large buffalo, and the youth is thrown to the ground half stunned.

He leans low on his horse's side

Buffaloes, buffaloes everywhere! The furious creatures are closing in upon him.

Even at this fearful moment, the youth thinks clearly. In the small space now remaining, he sets an arrow in his bow and speeds it into the heart of a frightful looking buffalo that rises up in front of him with open mouth, shaking his long mane with fury.

The shot tells, as does a spear thrust into the next buffalo now advancing upon him. But still others are closing in — too many for any single hunter — when suddenly they scatter to right and left as Three Bears and several others of the party dash in among them.

They have come just in time. Big Moose stands before them, safe and unharmed, to be spoken of

at every fireside in the evening as the hero of the day.

How proud Swift Fawn was of her noble brother!

— Mary H. Wade

How many scenes can you find in which Big Moose is the principal character?

Can you find one scene in which Swift Fawn and Red Wing are the principal characters?

Read to the class your favorite scene.

THE FLOWER-FED BUFFALOES

The flower-fed buffaloes of the spring
  In the days of long ago,
Ranged where the locomotives sing
  And the prairie flowers lie low;
The tossing, blooming, perfumed grass
  Is swept away by the wheat,
Wheels and wheels and wheels spin by
  In the spring that still is sweet.
But the flower-fed buffaloes of the spring
  Left us long ago.
They gore no more, they bellow no more,
They trundle around the hills no more:—
  With the Blackfeet lying low,
  With the Pawnees lying low.

— Vachel Lindsay

WORDS OF OPPOSITE MEANING

Find the word in the second column which is most nearly opposite in meaning to one of the words in the first column. Find the word in the fourth column which is most nearly opposite in meaning to one of the words in the third column.

admit	easy	barren	cold
aware	lazy	restless	safe
kin	deny	flushed	quiet
timid	untidy	fortunate	paled
difficult	daring	generous	smooth
decline	heights	generally	stingy
advantage	accept	jagged	fruitful
excitedly	unrelated	tropical	slightly
depths	calmly	indignant	unlucky
gradually	unaware	dismayed	pleased
industrious	mountains	perilous	uncommonly
increased	stupid	advancing	unfrightened
lowlands	diminished	ill-natured	retreating
shipshape	suddenly	contentment	good-tempered
quick-witted	disadvantage	exceedingly	dissatisfaction

PINOCCHIO UNDER THE SEA

Marsovino, the dolphin, and Pinocchio traveled swiftly. They passed a strait, crossed a canal, left beautiful lands behind them, and at last came out fearlessly into the great ocean.

They never stopped. When the moon shone, they traveled on the surface of the water. If the sky was dark and gloomy, the dolphin plunged deep into the sea. There the two friends had plenty of light. Great sun fishes made the water light and bright. Very often, too, a wonderful dull glow in the water aided them in seeing their way. Pinocchio felt satisfied when Marsovino explained the cause of the light to him. At first, though, he could hardly believe his ears.

The journey was very peaceful, and nothing came to trouble the two heroes.

"What is that dark blue streak there, Marsovino?" asked Pinocchio one day. He was pointing out a wide band of dark blue water which stood out distinctly from the lighter green of the ocean.

"That? Oh, that is the Gulf Stream," answered Marsovino.

From *Pinocchio Under the Sea*, by Carolyn M. Della Chiesa, edited by John W. Davis. By permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

"The Gulf Stream? What are you talking about? A stream running in the ocean! Water running in water!"

"Yes, of course it is all water. But there is a difference between ocean water and Gulf Stream water. The first, in general, is quiet; the second is moving. That stream is just like a river flowing between two valleys. The waters of the two never mix. If you try, you will find that the ocean is much the colder of the two."

"But what is the use of it?"

"Why, it is of great use. This stream carries warmth to the cold regions of the north. It cools the hot countries of the tropics. Without this saving current, life would not be pleasant in many countries."

Toward noon of the same day the sea began to be filled with herrings. They were on all sides, and our two travelers were surrounded. Pinocchio enjoyed being with the silvery animals.

Soon, however, there were so many that Marsovino found it hard to move. Still, the kind fellow, seeing that Pinocchio was enjoying himself, did not try to get away. After a while, however, the herrings became so numerous that the ocean looked like a sea of silver, not of water. Pinocchio and the dolphin were being pushed and shoved around.

"I am being killed, choked," whispered Pinocchio. He was almost afraid to open his mouth for fear a herring might slip into it. This would not be pleasant.

Marsovino finally saw that the herrings had become as thick as a stone wall. So, with a few strong strokes of his tail, he made his way to the surface of the water.

"Ah! now I can breathe!" exclaimed Pinocchio. "In that fishy world I thought I should die."

As night had come and it was very dark, our friends began to think of sleep, and the dolphin stopped for the night. Anyway, even if they had tried to move, they could hardly have passed through that multitude.

Just as the sun rose, Pinocchio opened his eyes. He had had a very good sleep on the back of his swimming horse. Looking around, he could not help crying out in surprise.

"Marsovino! Wake up!" he called. "Just look! Yesterday we were swimming in a sea of silver. Today we are floating in milk."

It was really the truth. No sign of herrings was left. But, as far as eye could reach, one could see only a thick heavy liquid as white as milk.

"Oh, how splendid!" cried Pinocchio. "Now I can have as much milk as I want."

Marsovino had awakened, but he did not say a word. He wanted to see what Pinocchio would do. Pinocchio bent over and took a long drink of milk, as he thought. But he had no sooner had a taste than he made a wry face.

"Why, it is salt," he exclaimed.

"Of course it is. Is this the first time you have heard of the sea being salt?"

"But this is not water. Look how white it is. It looks like milk."

"Do you know why it does? The water looks white because of the eggs left in it by the herrings."

"Eggs? There must be thousands of them."

"Yes, and millions."

"But the sea will soon be full of herrings, then."

"No fear of that, Pinocchio. Think of the many large fishes that are in the sea. They live on these eggs and on small fishes. Why, they can, and they do, swallow hundreds of eggs at a time. The sea is big enough to hold all its fish and more. You don't think we are crowded, do you?"

"Last night we certainly were."

"One night is not every night. You see, herrings travel in great numbers, called *schools* of herrings, and we happened to meet a school of them."

After traveling a long time through the milky sea, the two travelers at last came out of it. Soon

afterward a long, sharp, flat blade rose suddenly out of the water. It looked like a sword, and Pinocchio, of course, thought it was one.

"What have we here?" he asked. "A soldier battling in the sea? And is that thing his sword?"

"You can hardly be blamed for thinking it a sword. It looks very much like one," said Marsovino. "It is the long upper jaw of a fish, and from this it receives its name, *swordfish*. With this weapon, as it is very strong, the fish can defend himself against much larger animals. I hope he won't come near us."

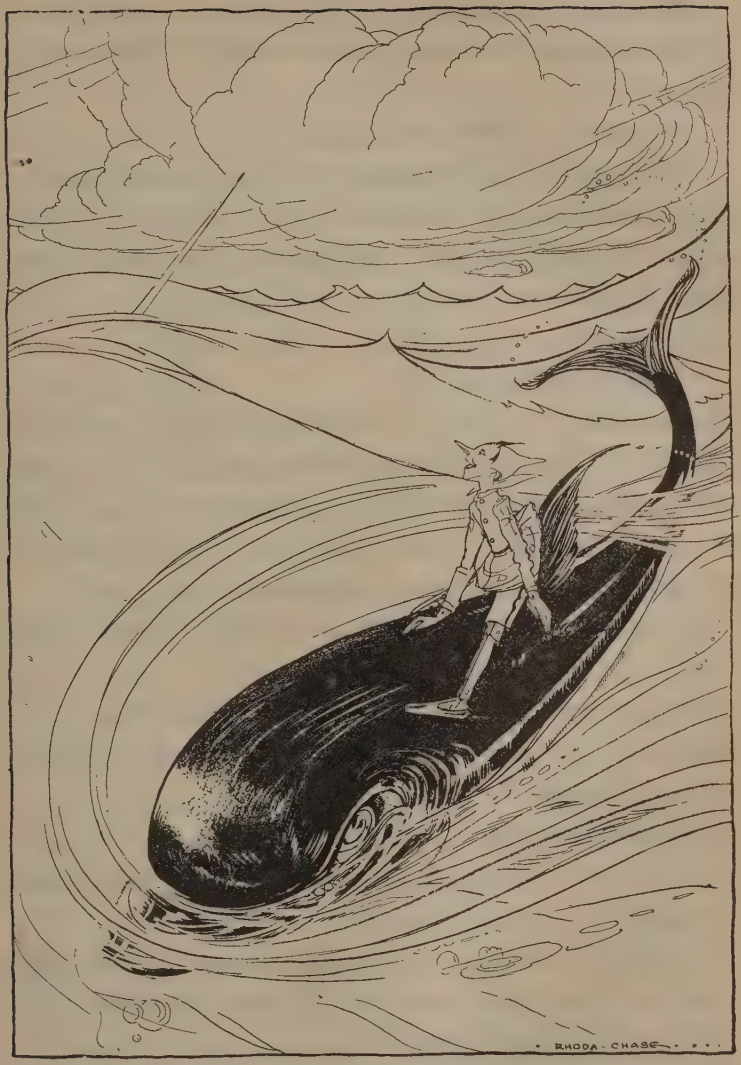
Luckily for the two friends, he did not. The sword disappeared, and the travelers went on.

"I must dive now, to see where we are," said Marsovino; and soon Pinocchio found himself at the bottom of the sea. Curious as ever, he looked around, peering here and peering there.

Seeing some cup-like objects hanging on the rocks, he put out his hands for them. They looked very soft and were full of holes. But as soon as Pinocchio touched them, the holes disappeared, and the cups clung tightly to the rocks.

"Oh," said Pinocchio, "I thought they were sponges."

"And what are they, if not that?" laughingly asked Marsovino.



"What have we here?" he asked.

"But they move just as if they were alive!"

"And is not the sponge an animal?" Marsovino asked.

"Really? Do you mean it?"

"Why, yes. The sponge is not only one animal, but a number of animals living together. And what do you think that little shell creature you see there is?"

"What?"

"The pearl oyster."

"Honestly? Oh, do you think I could get some pearls? I know how precious pearls are. Why, I could make myself rich! I could buy horses and automobiles and — Oh! Oh!" and Pinocchio started to dance a jig on the sandy floor.

Marsovino was laughing. He said, "You may try; you may have luck."

Pinocchio did not have to be told twice. He searched and searched. As a result, he found a great many shells.

"And what now?" he asked.

"You must open them, to see if any pearls are inside."

"What is the use of opening them? You said these were all pearl oysters. I'll carry them with me and open them later."

"But many of them have no pearls at all. You see," continued Marsovino, opening a shell, "this

one has none. But do you see the coating of many colors on the inside of the shell? That is a substance which comes from the body of the oyster. It is called mother-of-pearl. When the oyster opens her shell, a tiny grain of sand may get into it. The oyster does not like this, as the stone hurts her; but she cannot throw it out. So she covers it up with this substance from her body. When the little stone is entirely covered, we have a lovely pearl."

"Who would ever have thought such a thing possible?" thought Pinocchio, getting to work. He soon had a large number of oysters opened, but he found only a few small balls.

"Come here, Pinocchio. You may have better luck in this corner," and Marsovino led the way to a nook in the rocks. "Look in there."

Again Pinocchio searched, and soon a great many shells lay at his feet ready to be opened. Carefully he opened the shells in his search for pearls. In a short time he had a small pile of beautiful ones. Some were large, some small.

In color, too, they were different. Almost all were white, some faintly pink, a few grayish, and one was all black.

"Well, Pinocchio, you have enough," Marsovino said. "With these you will be as rich as a king. Come, now. We must go on."

"But where shall I put the pearls? I wish I had a bag or a box."

"It will not be so hard to find that. Let's look around."

The dolphin swam around. He did not stay away long. Soon he came back, holding a small object out to Pinnochio. It was a little cubical body, and looked like a peculiar kind of box.

"Here is the box, my friend," he said.

"What is this?" asked Pinnochio, looking at the object.

"That *was* a fish."

"A fish? That box?"

"Exactly. This is only its shell, but once a fish, called the sea urchin, lived in it. That box helped him to defend himself. Do you notice how hard it is?"

"Well, the sea is certainly a wonderful place. Once upon a time I hated it. Now I should like to be a fish, so as to live in it always."

— Carolyn M. Della Chiesa, *Adapted*

Choose the right ending for each incomplete statement below.

1. The color of the Gulf Stream was
   a very light green
   a dark blue
   a pale purple

2. The Gulf Stream carries
   - warmth to some cold regions and coolness to some hot countries
   - warmth everywhere it goes
   - cold everywhere it goes
3. The sea looked like silver because of
   - many trout
   - a few whales
   - numerous herrings
4. The sea looked like milk because
   - there were sea cows in it
   - there were millions of fish eggs in it
   - there was salt in it
5. Some fish travel
   - in schools
   - in flocks
   - in herds
6. The swordfish's sword is
   - its long upper jaw
   - its long lower jaw
   - the end of its backbone
7. Sponges are
   - plants
   - animals
   - metals

THE OGRE THAT PLAYED JACKSTRAWS

Once there was a terrible giant ogre, and he lived in a huge castle that was built right in the middle of a valley. All men had to pass by it when they came to the king's palace on the rock at the head of the valley. And they were all terribly afraid of the ogre and ran just as fast as they could when they went by. And when they looked back as they were running, they could see the ogre sitting on the wall of his castle. And he scowled at them so fiercely that they ran as fast as ever they could. For the ogre had a head as large as a barrel, and great black eyes sunk deep under long, bushy eyebrows. And when he opened his mouth they saw that it was full of teeth, and so they ran away faster than ever, without caring to see anything more.

And the king wanted to get rid of the ogre and he sent his men to drive the ogre away and to tear down his castle, but the ogre scowled at them so savagely that their teeth began to fall out and they all turned back and said they dare not fight such a horrid creature.

Then Roger, the king's son, rode his black horse Hurricane up against the door of the ogre's castle

and struck hard against the door with his iron glove. Then the door opened and the ogre came out and seized Roger in one hand and the great black horse in the other and rubbed their heads together, and while he did this he made them very small. Then he tumbled them over the wall into the ogre's garden. And they crawled through a hole in the garden fence and both ran home, Roger one way and Hurricane the other, and neither dared tell the king nor anyone else where he had been, nor what the ogre had done to him. But it was two or three days before they became large again.

Then the king sent out some men with a cannon to batter down the walls of the ogre's castle. But the ogre sat on the wall and caught the cannon balls in his hand and tossed them back at the cannon, so that they broke the wheels and scared away all the men. And when the cannon sounded, the ogre roared so loudly that all the windows in the king's palace were broken, and the queen and all the princesses went down into the cellar and hid among the sugar barrels, and stuffed cotton in their ears till the noise should stop.

And whatever the king's men tried to do the ogre made it worse and worse. And at last no

one dared go out into the valley beside the ogre's castle. And no one dared look at it from anywhere, because when the ogre scowled, all who saw him dropped to the ground with fear and their teeth began to fall out, and when the ogre roared, there was no one who could bear to hear it.

So the king and all his men hid in the cellar of the castle with the queen and the princesses, and they stuffed their ears full of cotton, and the ogre scowled and roared and had his own way.

But there was one little boy named Pennyroyal, who tended the black horse Hurricane, and he was not afraid of anything because he was a little boy. And the little boy said he would go out and see the ogre and tell him to go away. And they were all so scared that they could not ask him not to go. So Pennyroyal put on his hat, filled his pockets with marbles, took his kite under his arm, and went down the valley to the castle of the ogre. The ogre sat on the wall and looked at him, but the little boy was not afraid and so it did the ogre no good to scowl. Then Pennyroyal knocked on the ogre's door, and the ogre opened it and looked at the little boy.

"Please, Mr. Ogre, may I come in?" said Pennyroyal; and the ogre opened the door, and

~and went down the valley to the castle of the ogre.

the little boy began to walk around the castle looking at all the things. There was one room filled with bones, but the ogre was ashamed of it, and did not want to let the little boy see it. So when Pennyroyal was not looking, the ogre changed the room and made it small, so that instead of a room full of bones it became just a box of jackstraws. And the big elephant he had there to play with him he made into a lap-elephant, and the little boy took it in his hand and stroked its tiny tusks and tied a knot in its trunk. And everything that could frighten the little boy the ogre made small and pretty, so that they had great times together.

And by and by the ogre grew smaller and smaller, and took off his ugly old face with the long teeth and bushy eyebrows and dropped them on the floor and covered them with a wolf-skin. Then he sat down on the wolf-skin and the little boy sat down on the floor beside him, and they began to play jackstraws with the box of jackstraws that had been a room full of bones. The ogre had never been a boy himself, so jackstraws was the only game he knew how to play. Then the elephant he had made small snuggled down between them on the floor. And as they played with each other, the castle itself grew small and shrank away until there was just room enough for them and for their game.

Up in the palace, when the ogre stopped roaring, the king's men looked out and saw that the ogre's castle was gone. Then Roger, the king's son, called for Pennyroyal. But when he could not find the boy, he saddled the black horse Hurricane himself and rode down the valley to where the ogre's castle had been. When he came back he told the king that the ogre and his castle were all gone. Where the castle had stood there was nothing left but a board tent under the oak tree, and in the tent there were just two little boys playing jackstraws, and between them on the ground lay a candy elephant.

That was all. For the terrible ogre was one of that kind of ogres that will do to folks just what folks do to them. There isn't any other kind of ogre.

— David Starr Jordan

What was the author's purpose in writing this story?

Can you read the part of the story that gives you the first hint that the ogre would not harm anyone who was not afraid of him?

Talk this story over with your classmates and find out if they know how to overcome an ogre.

Tell which of the following sentences gives the central thought of this story:

1. There is no way to overcome an ogre.
2. An ogre likes to play at jackstraws.
3. There are no ogres except in one's imagination.

THE STORY THE MUSEUM MOUSE TOLD

I

I've lived all my life in natural history museums. The main reason why I like them is because when they're closed to the public you have the place to yourself — from six in the evening to ten o'clock the next morning and till two in the afternoon on Sundays.

Now when I was first married I took my wife for a wedding trip to the natural history museum. And after I had shown her all over it she thought she'd like to settle down there. And we began to look around to decide where in the building we would make our home.

"It must be a snug, warm place, Nutmeg," said she, "on the children's account. It's a pesky business raising young mice where there are drafts."

"All right, Sarsparilla," I said. "I know the very spot. Come with me."

Now what we called the Stuffing Room was a long workshop downstairs where Foozlebugg and his assistants stuffed birds and animals and pre-

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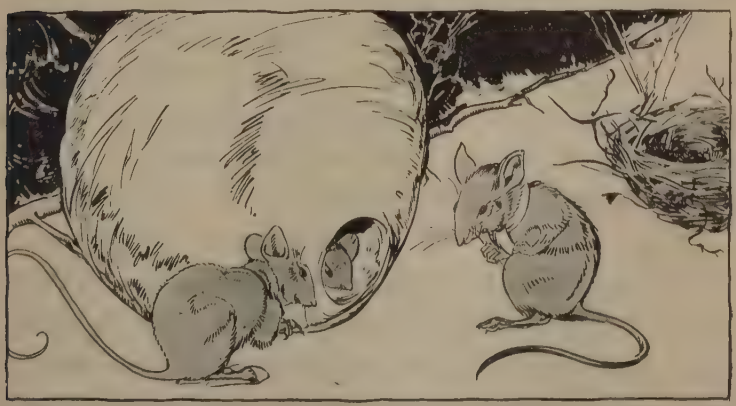
pared specimens of plants and butterflies and things to be brought up later and put in the glass cases for the public to look at. All natural history museums have more collections and specimens presented to them than they can possibly use. And our Stuffing Room was always cluttered up with everything from elephants' tusks to fleas in bottles. Among all this junk there was a collection of birds' nests — many of them with the limb of the tree in which they had been built. For months and months this collection had lain upon a dusty shelf — nests of all sizes, shapes, and sorts. One was quite peculiar. In form it was round, like a ball, and had for entrance one little



No place could have been more ideal for baby mice ~ ~ ~

hole — just big enough for a mouse to slip through. When you were inside no one would know you were there.

I showed it to Sarsparilla, and she was delighted. Without further delay we got some extra scraps of silk, which Foozlebugg had been using for some of his stuffing business, and lined it soft and snug — although it was already well padded with horsehair and thistledown. Then for several days we led a peaceful happy life in our new home. During regular hours in the workshop we lay low and often had hard work stopping our giggles as we watched Professor Foozlebugg stuffing animals all out of shape and calling on his assistants to admire them.

Well, the children came and then we were very glad about our selection of a home. For no place could have been more ideal for baby mice than was that old bird's nest with its round walls and draft-proof ceiling and floor.

Now there is one disadvantage in living in museums: you have to go out for all your meals. There's practically nothing to eat in the building, and what there is, like waxes and things of that sort, you soon learn to leave strictly alone; because those old professors use strong poisons on all their stuffing materials to keep the bugs from getting

into them. Of course even with all the doors locked, any mouse can find his way in and out of a building somewhere. But occasionally when the weather is bad, it is very inconvenient to have to go out for every single thing you eat. And now with a family of youngsters to feed this problem became more serious than usual.

So Sarsparilla and I used to take it in turns to look after the youngsters while the other went out foraging for food. Sometimes we had to go a long way and to bring crumbs from various places to the lobby of the building before we hauled them to the Stuffing Room. Well, one night I had been up very late foraging for food and didn't get in until nearly daylight. I was dog-tired, but even then I didn't get any sleep because the children were fretful and they kept me awake. As soon as evening came Sarsparilla left me in charge and started out on her food hunt. Shortly after she had gone the children settled down quietly, and right away I fell into a deep sleep.

When I awoke the sunlight was streaming in through the entrance-hole of our nest. I supposed I must have long overslept. But I never remembered the direct rays of the sun to have shone in at our door like this before. I got up and peeped out cautiously.

I could hardly believe my eyes. *Our nest was no longer in the Stuffing Room!* Instead we were in a glass case in one of the main halls of the museum. Around us, on various twigs and stands and things, were the other nests of the old collection which had lain so long on the dusty shelf. Our house had been put on show for the public, shut up tight in a glass case; and that stupid Foozlebugg who had put it there was still standing outside, displaying his handiwork with great pride to a fat woman and two children!

You can imagine how I felt. There I was with a whole family of youngsters, shut up in a glass case. I dare not show myself outside the nest, because even when that ridiculous Professor Foozlebugg had moved away with the fat woman, visitors in ones and twos were always looking in. It would be difficult to think of a more uncomfortable, unprivate home than ours had become.

However, there were moments when that end of the hall was free from visitors and attendants. During one of these I suddenly saw Sarsparilla with a wild look in her eye hunting around outside for her lost family. Standing at the door of the nest, I waved and made signs to her and finally caught her attention. She rushed up to the glass and called through it:

"Get the children out of there, Nutmeg. Get them out at once!"

That was the last straw.

"Sarsparilla," I called back, "Do you think I brought the nest and the children here myself? How am I to get them out? I can't bite through glass."

"But they must be fed!" she wailed. "It is long past their morning meal-time."

"Bother their morning meal-time!" said I. "What about my morning meal-time? They'll have to wait. We can't do anything till the museum closes at five o'clock. You had better get away from there before you get seen."

But Sarsparilla was quite unreasonable. She just kept running up and down outside the glass, moaning and wringing her hands.

"Can't you give them some of that stuffed duck on the shelf above your head?" she moaned.

"I could *not*," I said. "Stuffed museum duck is full of arsenic. Don't worry. They can manage until five."

Sarsparilla would have gone on arguing all day, I believe, if an attendant hadn't come strolling down to that end of the wing and made it necessary for her to hide.

The rest of the day I had my hands full. For

the children, having missed two meals, suddenly got as lively as crickets. They were all for climbing out of the nest — though they hadn't had their eyes open more than a few days. I could have slapped them.

"Where's Ma?" they kept on saying. "What's happened to Ma? I'm hungry. Where's Ma? — Let's go and find her."

I tell you they had me busy, yanking them down from the hole one after another. *They* didn't care how many people were looking in the glass case. All that they cared about was that they were hungry and wanted Ma — the stupid little things!

II

Never was I so glad to see the attendants clearing the people out of the halls and locking the doors. I knew all those old fellows well. It was a funny life they led — generally pleasant enough. One of the things they had to do was to look out for bomb-throwers. Why people should want to throw bombs in museums, of all places, I don't know. But they do — at all events, it is always expected that they will. That's why the attendants won't allow visitors to bring in parcels: they are afraid they may contain dynamite.

One of these old men regularly brought his lunch

with him and ate it behind the stuffed elephant when nobody was looking — he wasn't supposed to, you see. And the few crumbs he left upon the floor were the only food that I ever managed to get *in*side the museum. As he changed his coat this evening, some crusts fell out of the paper in which his bread and cheese had been wrapped. I knew that if I didn't get them that night, the charwoman would sweep them up in the morning. But while I was still gazing at them hungrily out of my glass prison Sarsparilla collected them and brought them over to the case.

"Nutmeg, I want to get these in to the children," she said.

"Oh, have some sense!" I snapped back. "The first thing we've got to do is to find a way in — or rather a way out."

"Gnaw a hole through the floor," said she — "quite simple. You needn't be afraid of anyone seeing you now. The night watchman won't be stirring for another hour yet."

"Don't you know," I said wearily, "that all these cases are zinc-lined? I can't bite through zinc any more than I can through glass."

That started her off again. She threw up her hands.

"Why, the children will starve to death!"

she cried. And she recommenced her running backwards and forwards like a crazy thing.

I saw I wasn't going to get any helpful ideas from her so I began to look over the situation myself with an eye to working something out. First, I climbed all around the whole case, carefully inspecting the joints in the walls, the floor, and the roof, to see if I could find a weak spot anywhere. Then I examined each shelf in turn to see if by chance I might come upon anything that could help me. Finally on the top shelf I discovered something that suggested a plan of escape.

It was this: among the collection of birds' nests there were some of sea birds. These were set among stones, the way certain gulls build — just a rough hollow of twigs and seaweed laid on the beach. Here Professor Foozlebugg had quite surpassed himself in the art of displaying specimens. He had the whole top shelf set out like a scene on a lonely island where sea birds would build. At the back there was a picture of the ocean painted, with lighthouses and sailboats and everything. And in front of this there were several stuffed birds and nests set among the stones of the beach. The stones were mostly round, of all sizes. And it occurred to me that I might very easily roll some of the larger ones off the top shelf. Then,

if they struck something slanting when they reached the bottom of the case, they would fly against the glass wall and break it.

I wasted no time in getting to work. It was necessary to prepare a bouncing place where the stone would fall if my plan was to be a success. I slid down to the bottom of the case and gathered together a large pile of stiff twigs which I took from the other nests. It was hard work, because most birds put their nests together pretty firmly. I made a frightful mess of the collection before I was done.

In the meantime, not being able to keep the children in order while I was at work, I had let them follow their own sweet wills. Every one of the little beggars had got out of the nest; and now, having seen "Ma" outside the case, they too were running up and down alongside the glass and careering all over the place trying to find a way out. If Professor Foozlebugg had come in at that moment to inspect his latest work of art he would have had a great shock.

When all was ready, I went down below and chased all the children up on to the upper shelves so that they wouldn't get hurt by falling stones or flying glass. Then I explained to Sarsparilla, in shouts, what I was going to do.

"Stand by," I yelled, "to get the youngsters to a place of safety. They're not easy to handle."

"All right," she called back. "I'll take three, and you take three. And for pity's sake be careful how you get them through the hole in the broken glass."

Then, just as I was about to put my shoulder under the round stone and topple it down, there came another shout from my wife:

"Look out! — Night watchman coming! — Hide the children, quick!"

It was all very well for Sarsparilla to say, "Hide the children, quick!" They had no intention of being hidden. They had seen "Ma" and they meant to get to her as soon as possible. As soon as she disappeared again they went entirely crazy, rushing all over the place, crying, "Where's Ma gone? We're hungry. What's become of Ma?"

Oh, dear! I never had such a time. I had no sooner caught a couple of them and hidden them behind a stuffed bird or something, before they would pop out again while I was running after the next pair.

Luckily the night watchman was not a very wide-awake old man at the best of times, and as it happened tonight he did not swing his lantern near our case.

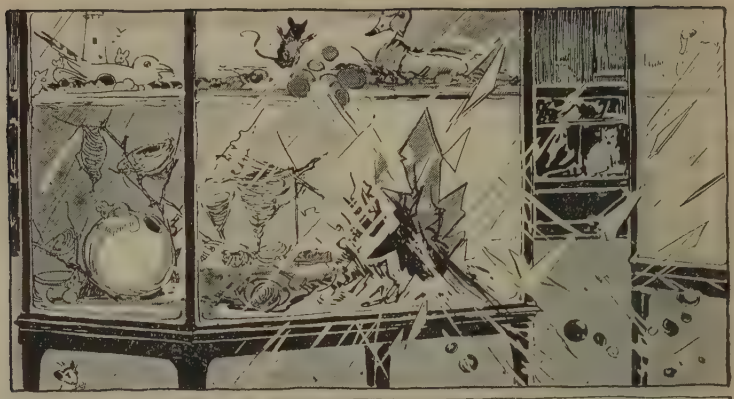
When he had gone Sarsparilla showed up again outside the glass and I got ready to try my plan once more.

Crash!

It worked all right and no mistake. The stone knocked a hole in the front of the case big enough for a bulldog to get through. In fact everything would have gone splendidly if it hadn't been for those half-witted children of mine. With the crashing of the glass they just ran around like lunatics, and we couldn't catch a single one of them. We had time to get away easily. But while we were still trying to get the family together, alarm bells in every corridor of the museum started ringing violently. The next thing the night watchman came running through the hall shouting:

"A bomb, a bomb! Hey! Help! Fire! Police! A bomb's gone off somewhere! HELP!"

"It's no use, Sarsparilla," I said. "We can't manage it now. Bring in one of those crusts of bread with you and come inside until the excitement dies down. Was anyone ever blessed with such children? Help me get them into the nest quick. With you here, they'll be quieter and more manageable. Later, if luck is still with us, we may get away."



It worked all right and no mistake.

And we only just got those little nuisances out of sight in time. In less than five minutes from the crash of the glass people began arriving on the run. First a constable with a notebook, from the beat outside the museum's main entrance. Then six firemen came rushing in, dragging a hose. Next, the watchman's wife carrying bandages.

And all of them stood around the broken glass case asking about the "bomb." Yes, the watchman was quite sure it was a bomb. Look how it had wrecked all the nests inside!

Then they gave their opinions, one after another. While all the time we, who were responsible for the whole thing, sat and listened to their silly chatter.

Finally the great Professor Foozlebugg arrived on the scene, summoned from his bed — for it was now nearly midnight — by a messenger from the watchman. He nearly wept when he saw his latest work of art — his masterpiece — knocked all skiddle-daddle. He was much more upset about his beautiful scene on the seashore than he was over the museum's narrow escape from being blown up. He was about to wade into the wreckage then and there and put it to rights but — fortunately for us — one of the policemen warned him off.

"Don't touch it, sir, please. A second explosion, sir, is liable to follow the moment you lay a finger on it. We will get the bomb experts from police headquarters. They know how to handle these things, sir."

Just that saved us from a pretty serious situation. After a little more discussion between the firemen and the constable, it was decided to let well enough alone until the morning, when the bomb experts from police headquarters would take charge of affairs. Meanwhile the policeman, the firemen, and the professor felt that they might as well go back to bed. As for the old watchman, he was so scared of that second explosion that the policeman had spoken of, that the moment the

rest had departed he locked up the doors and left the hall severely to itself.

Which of course was exactly what we wanted. We had seven peaceful hours before us in which to do our moving. The first thing we did, after we had all the children safely lifted out through the broken glass, was to sit down in the middle of the hall and eat a hearty meal off the crusts which the old attendant had left behind. Then we herded the children down below by easy stages to the Stuffing Room. And there Sarsparilla kept them while I hunted up a new home among the lumber and stuff with which the shelves were cluttered.

But this time, you may be sure, I did *not* pick a bird's nest nor anything else that was likely to get put on exhibition while we slept.

— Hugh Lofting

What was the author's purpose in writing this story? Read to your classmates the scene you think funniest. Show your enjoyment of the scene by the way you read.

Choose another scene, and make a drawing to illustrate it.

THE STONE THAT WALKED

One day Frisky Squirrel found a chestnut bur in the woods. Quickly he picked the nut out of the bur, put it into his mouth, and started home to show it to his mother.

On the way, Frisky began to feel hungry, so he decided to eat the chestnut. He hopped up on an object which he thought was a broad flat stone, and began to gnaw the nut.

Imagine Frisky's surprise when presently he noticed that the stone was beginning to move. At first he thought he must be dreaming, and nipped himself with his sharp teeth to make certain he was awake. Sure enough the stone was walking right off with him! He was so astonished that he dropped the chestnut, and it rolled away.

But, being curious to see what would happen next, he remained on the stone as it crawled along. Now and then he almost slipped off as it tilted. But it never tipped quite over; and Frisky managed to stay on.

After a while the stone started straight toward the river. When it reached the bank, it began to move rapidly, and Frisky, becoming uneasy, decided to jump off. He leaped just in time to

escape a wetting, for the next moment the stone plunged splash! into the stream. Then, to Frisky's great surprise, the stone did not sink to the bottom but went swimming away as easily as you please.

A very much surprised and puzzled little squirrel turned and ran home swiftly. He could hardly wait to relate his strange adventure with a stone that could walk and swim. He was out of breath when he reached home, but soon he told his mother all that had happened.

His mother did not know what to say. Frisky had always been truthful, but this was a very queer story. After thinking about the matter she decided to have Frisky show her the spot from which the stone swam away.

When they came to the place, Frisky exclaimed, "There it is! There it is now!" and he pointed toward the water's edge. When his mother saw the object at which Frisky was pointing, she exclaimed, "It's a mud turtle. You had a ride on a mud turtle and you did not know it!"

She smiled because she was amused, and because she was happy. For she knew Frisky had meant to tell the truth.

— Arthur Scott Bailey, *Adapted*

Down the left-hand margin of a sheet of paper write the numbers from 1 through 4. Choose the right ending for each of the four incomplete statements given below and write each ending opposite the proper number. Each correct answer will score 25. Try to make a score of 100.

1. Frisky thought the object he jumped on
   - was a broad leaf
   - was an old log
   - was a flat stone
2. When the object began to move
   - he was astonished
   - he was not surprised
   - he jumped off at once
3. When the object went into the river
   - it sank to the bottom
   - it swam away
   - Frisky stayed on it
4. Frisky learned later that he had
   - ridden on an alligator
   - ridden on a big frog
   - ridden on a mud turtle

PEOPLE OF LONG AGO

There was a time when there was no such thing as history as we know it today. But before history began a great mass of information had been stored up. Some of this knowledge was handed down century after century by fathers and mothers teaching their children what they knew. Some of it came down to us in the writing of that early time: in rolls of parchment and in writing on clay tablets or on the walls of temples and tombs. And some of it we have learned from the articles found buried in the ruins of old cities — little things of everyday life which those early peoples made and used and handled.

Children of long ago played with toys just as children do today. In some old ruins toys were found — dolls, some of them jointed as ours are; kites and boats; tops and balls; marbles and whistles.

We have been able to learn a great deal about how the people of Egypt lived centuries ago, because of a custom they had of burying all kinds of things in their tombs. One rich Egyptian had very small figures made of himself, his family, and his servants to be buried in his tomb. This tomb was opened in recent years, and some of the

figures can be seen today in a great museum, grouped in such a way as to show the members of the household performing their daily tasks. In one group the master is sitting on his porch looking at his stock as the herdsmen drive the cattle before him. Each herdsman wears a single garment of white linen. In one group we see stables in which the servants are feeding the animals. In another, animals are being slaughtered.

Other figures show women milking cows; still others show them spinning flax into thread. Some women are grinding grain into flour by using a handmill, and bakers are kneading loaves and putting them into ovens.

In a water scene busy slaves are catching fish in nets or spearing them, while the master sits in his large pleasure boat, surrounded by his family and entertained by musicians.

An evening scene shows the family sitting among the trees in a walled garden and entertaining their friends with music and pleasant conversation.

Are you not glad that such pleasing pictures of days of long ago have been handed down to us?

Down the left-hand margin of a sheet of paper write the numbers from 1 through 4. Choose the right ending for each of the four incomplete statements given below and write each ending opposite the proper number. Each correct answer will score 25. Try to make a score of 100.

1. Children of long ago
   - did not play with toys
   - had toys similar to those of today
   - had toys entirely different from ours
2. One group of figures shows
   - the master and sailors on a motor boat
   - the master, herdsmen, and cattle
   - the master and servants watching an airplane
3. In one group are servants
   - putting gasoline in an automobile
   - feeding animals in the stables
   - cleaning electric light globes
4. One group shows the family at evening
   - being entertained in the garden
   - on their way to a moving picture theater
   - listening to the radio

HOW WELL DO YOU REMEMBER?

Find out how much you are improving in being able to remember what you read. Write the answers to each of the questions below, opposite the number of the question, without referring to the selections.

1. Give the steps in the process of butter making.
2. What did Toni, the little Swiss boy, earnestly wish to become?
3. Big Moose is the hero of a story about:

trapping beavers
hunting buffaloes
attacking another Indian tribe

4. What is the only kind of ogre there is?
5. In "The Stone That Walked" what animal did the squirrel mistake for a stone?
6. In the story about early life in Egypt what were some of the ways mentioned in which history has come down to us?
7. Pinocchio learned many facts about life

in the sea in the air on land on a boat

LITTLE DICTIONARY

Sometimes you do not understand what you read because you do not know the meanings of some of the words. A good reader looks in the dictionary to find the meaning of a word he does not know. The *Little Dictionary* will be of use to you in reading this book. Below are some suggestions which may help you make the best use of it.

Arrangement of Words

In a dictionary the words are arranged alphabetically. This helps one to find a word quickly and easily. Be sure that you use the best method in looking for a word.

Meaning of Words

There is often more than one meaning given for a word. When you look up a word, choose the meaning that you understand and the one that fits what you are reading.

Pronunciation

Often you do not know how to pronounce a word which you know by sight and whose meaning you understand. The *Little Dictionary* will help you. You will notice these things:

1. That the words are divided into syllables.

2. That, in words of more than one syllable, there are accent marks placed over the syllables.

3. That other helps are given to aid you in pronunciation: special spelling placed within marks of parenthesis and the marking of some vowel sounds.

ac knowl'edged: recognized
ad mis'sion: entrance fee
A'kond (ā'kund)
al'der bush'es: bushes growing in marshy ground
ar'gu ing: reasoning, disputing
ar'se nic: a poison
as'phalt: a waterproof material used for pavements
as sist'ants: helpers
as sured': promised; made sure
at tired': clothed
au'di ence: people who listen
a ware': informed

bade (băd): ordered, commanded
bait'ed: covered with something used as food or bait
bam'boo: a woody grass
band'ages: strips used to bind wounds
bee'tle: an insect with hard shelly wing-cases
bind'ing: fastening sections of a book
block'head: a stupid person
bluff: a high bank with a broad face
bon'ni est: handsomest, gayest
bou quet' (bōō ka'): a bunch of flowers
bow (bou): front of boat
bris'tling: standing stiff
bulged (bŭlged): swelled; puffed out
bus'tle: to move noisily

cal li'o pe (kă li'ō pē): a steam piano

ca nal′: ditch containing water

ca′pered: danced in a sprightly manner

car′ol: song of joy; to sing

cel e bra′tion: festival, holiday

cel′e ry: an herb whose leaf stalks are eaten

cen′tu ry: 100 years

chal′lenged: questioned

char′wom′an: a woman hired for odd jobs

chasms (kăzms): deep openings in the earth

chil′blains: swellings produced by exposure to cold

chop′sticks: small sticks used by Chinese to carry food to mouth

clear′ings: a tract of land cleared for cultivation

clogs: shoes with thick wooden soles

clothes′horse: a frame on which to hang clothes

clump: a thicket

clutch: seize, hold firmly

coat of mail: a metal garment worn for defense

coax: persuade, beg

coke: a substance used for fuel

con grat′u la′tion: expression of pleasure

con′ti nent: one of the grand divisions of land

core: heart or center

cor′ri dor: hall

cos′tumes: clothes

cour′te sy: kindness, politeness

coun′cil: a body of advisers

coun′sel: advice, instruction

crane: iron arm to hold kettle over fire

crates: boxes of wooden slats used as containers

crests: tops

crick′et: an insect

crop: a bag in the throat (as of a bird); to cut

crouch′ing: stooping, bending

crude: rough

crusts: hard parts of bread

cu′bi cal: like a cube

cul′ti vat ing: raising, caring for

cup′board: a place to keep dishes

curb′ing: edge of a sidewalk

curt′ly: rudely, shortly

cus′tom house: place where duty is paid

de li'cious: highly pleasing to the taste
de par'ture: going away
de ter'mine: decide
di ges'tion: process of digesting food
dig'ni ty: nobleness of manner
di rec'tion: way, path; instruction
dis'ad van'tage: drawback
dis gust'ed ly: with a feeling of disgust, or anger
dis may': terror, confusion
dow'er: that which is given
drudg'er y: disagreeable work
dum'found'ed: astonished, surprised
dy'na mite (dī-): an explosive

ed'u ca'tion: training
em bank'ments: banks
en chant'ed: to charm, or please
en raged': angered
en'trance: gate
es tate': a plantation
es'ti mate: a calculation
ex ceed'ing ly: more than usual
ex cite'ment: strong feeling
ex'hi bi'tion: show, display
ex perts': people with special skill in their work
ex plo'sion: a bursting noise
ex pres'sion: feeling; word or phrase
ex ten'sion ladder: ladder which can be lengthened

fal'tered: hesitated, stammered
far'things: pieces of English money (worth about one-half cent)
fez: Turkish hat of red felt
flounced: to spring or twist with violent effort
for'ag ing: looking for food
ford: to cross, as a stream
frame'work: the frame of anything
francs: French coins
frol'ic: romp
Fu'ji ya ma: sacred mountain of Japan
fur'row: plow; a trench made by a plow

gal'lant: noble in spirit
game: animals killed by hunters
Gem'i la (jĕm'i la)
germs: a seed; a microbe
girth: a strap or band for the body of a horse

glid'ed: passed rapidly and easily
glimpse: a view caught in passing
glos'sy: smooth and shiny
glued: held together firmly
goal: the end desired
gorged: swallowed greedily
gran'a ry (grăn-): a storehouse for grain
grat'i tude: thankfulness
grim ace': make faces
grouse: a bird
grudge: ill-will, dislike

half crown: an English coin (worth about 60 cents)
half'-wit ted: silly, senseless
hand'i work: work done by hand
hand springs: a feat of tumbling
haz'ard: risk, danger
head'quar'ters: place from which orders are sent out
hedg'ing: planting hedges
hel'met: a metal head covering
her'ring: a fish
hin'dered: checked, delayed
hold: part of ship below the deck
hop'per: a wooden box
hur'ri cane: a violent wind storm
husks: outer coat of seeds

i de'al: perfect
ill-na'tured: cross, bad tempered
il'lus tra'tion: picture
in con ven'i ent: not convenient
in'de pen'dence: freedom from control
instruc'tion: direction; education
in'stru ments: tools, implements
in ten'tion: purpose, design
in ter fere': meddle, oppose
ir'ri gated: watered by means of ditches

jogged: moved slowly
joints: parts where pieces of wood are joined together
jun'gle: thicket of tangled weeds, bushes, or trees

ker'chief: a handkerchief
ker'nel: the inner portion of a seed
kin'dled: set fire to

la'bo rers: persons who do work requiring strength

last (shoe): a block shaped like the human foot on which shoes are formed
laugh'ing-stock: an object for mirth
ledge: a projecting shelf
lit'ters: straw bedding for animals
liz'ard: a scaly four-legged reptile
loaf'ers: people who do not work
lob'by: hall waiting room
lone'ly: without company, alone
loomed: appeared
lu'na tics: crazy persons
lur'id (lūr-): smoky-red
lurk: to stay in or about a place secretly

man'age a ble: submitting to control
mass: a heap; to pile up
mas'ter ful: having the power of a master
mas'ter piece: one's greatest work
mat'tocks: tools for digging
ma tures': ripens
med'dle some: interfering, prying
meek'ly: gently, humbly
mer'ri ment: gayety, fun
min'strels: musicians, singers
mix'ture: a compound of various elements
mock'ing ly: in a manner of ridicule
mois'ture: dampness
molt'ing: casting off and renewing the feathers
mor'tar: a bowl in which substances are pounded
mul'ti tude: crowd
mu se'um: place for keeping collections of different kinds
mu si'cians: singers, or players on musical instruments
mut'tered: spoke in a low voice; grumbled
mys'ter y: secret

nook: a corner
nose'gay: a bunch of flowers
nour'ish ment: that which nourishes or feeds
nui'sances: annoyances
nu'mer ous: many

ob jec'tion: reason against
oc ca'sion al ly: not often
of fend': displease
o pine': think, suppose
op po si'tion: act of being

against a thing, or opposed to it

pan'try: a room where provisions are kept
par'a dise: heaven
parch'ment: writing material made from sheepskin
par'ti cles: pieces, parts
pas'tor: a preacher
peat: vegetable substance used as fuel
pe cu'li ar'i ty: a special habit, or characteristic
pent'up: shut in, confined
per ceived': saw
per formed': done, carried out
per'il ous: dangerous
pest: a nuisance
pic'tur esque': like a picture
pil'lars: slender posts
Pi noc'chio (pē nŏk'yō)
pi'o neer: one who goes before
pi'rates: sea robbers
plen'te ous ly: plentifully
plot'ted: planned together
post'age: a charge for carrying mail
pound: English money (about $5.00)
prai'rie: a large tract of level land
prec'i pices: very steep cliffs
prey (prā): that which is seized
pro ces'sion: movement forward in a regular manner
prod'ded: pricked with something
pro tec'tive: sheltering, defensive
prowl: to wander about, to search
puz'zled: worried, confused

quar'rel some: unpleasant, disagreeable
quest'ing: searching for
quick'-wit ted: having a ready wit
quilt'ed: padded
quiv'ered: trembled, shivered

raft'ers: sloping timbers of a roof
ras'cal: a tricky fellow
read'i ly: willingly, cheerfully
re cess': crack or crevice
re hearse': to say over, act over
re'commenc'ed: began again
re mem'brance: recollection
re mount'ed: mounted again
rep re sent': show

re quired′: took, needed
re sem′ble: to look like
res′in (rĕz′ĭn): a vegetable substance which melts when heated
re solved′: decided
ri dic′u lous: funny, laughable
rud′dy: red, glowing
ru′ins: houses or cities burned or destroyed
runs: inclosed spaces for animals
rye: a kind of grain

sand pa′per: paper on one side of which sand is glued
sap: juice from a tree or plant
scam′per ing: running quickly
scant′y: not sufficient
scent (sĕnt): odor, smell
scoop out: take out
scram′bled: gathered hastily
sea ur′chin: small shellfish
shield: metal plate to shield the body
ship′shape: tidy, neat
shrank: drew back
shrewd: sharp, cunning
shuck′ing corn: removing shucks, or leaves
sig′naled: made signs
six′pence: English coin (worth about 12 cents)
slid′ing pan′els: movable parts of wall
slouch hat: hat with drooping brim
smock: a sort of apron
sneered: showed contempt by turning up nose, or lip
snug′gle: to draw close
span: space; reach
spec′i mens: samples
spin′dles: round sticks used for holding yarn
splin′tered: broken into tiny pieces
spoils of the chase: animals killed
spright′ly: gay, lively
sprout: begin to grow
star′tled: frightened, alarmed
stead′i ly: in a regular, or fixed manner
steeds: horses
stern: rear end of boat
strait: a narrow passage of water
stroll′ing: walking slowly
stump′y: short and thick
sub′stance: material
suc ces′sion: one after another

su pe'ri or: felt important
sur passed': went beyond
swamp: wet, spongy land

tal'ent: ability along certain lines
ter'raced: formed into grassy banks
thaw: melting of ice and snow
thrill'ing: deeply moving
tiles: thin pieces of baked clay
tim'id: lacking in courage, shy
tire'some: fatiguing, wearying
tor ment'or: one who torments, or teases
tour'ist: one who travels for pleasure
tow'ing ropes: ropes used to pull boats
trans plant'ing: removing and planting in another place
tra peze': a short bar held up by ropes
tre men'dous: very large, great
tri'umph: victory
trop'i cal: of the tropics
troughs (trŏfs): shallow boxes used to hold food for animals
trou'sers: outer garment of men and boys from waist down
trout: a fish
tugged: pulled
tun'nel: an underground passage open at both ends
tur'ban: head covering

un com'fort a ble: uneasy, ill at ease
un'der ground: under the surface of the earth
un in'ter est ing: not engaging the feelings
un rea'son a ble: out of all reason
un u'su al: rare, not common
un will'ing: not willing

ves'ture: clothing
vig'or: strength
vil'lag er: one who lives in a small town, or village
vi'sion: a dream; that which is imagined

war'blers: singing birds
war'rant: to declare without fear of contradiction

watch'man: a guard
weath'er cock: a figure which shows the direction of the wind
weird: peculiar, unearthly
wel'fare: well-being
wharf: a timber structure where vessels load and unload
whim: a fancy
wilt'ed: lost freshness, drooped
won'drous: wonderful
wreck'age: ruins
wry: crooked

yawn'ing chasms: wide-opening chasms

zinc: a metal